

"FATAL INSTINCT"

Screenplay by

David O'Malley

SHOOTING DRAFT

FADE IN ON:

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

night
breeze.
shell.

The sultry dampness of a blistering summer hangs in the air. People stroll the boardwalk looking for a cool breeze. The soft rhythms of a jazz concert float from the band shell.

CLOSE SHOT - A PAIR OF SEXY HIGH HEELS

pier.

and a woman's shapely legs, walking along the wooden pier.

OPENING TITLES & CREDITS OVER.

one
a
with

After several steps, a discarded piece of gum sticks to one of her shoes, stretching out stickily. Two steps later, a piece of paper sticks to the gum, flopping awkwardly with each step.

sensuous
gossamer

The MOVING CAMERA PANS UP her gorgeous legs and body. She wears a loose summer dress that floats like gossamer around her soft curves. Her hair is long and blond.

NED (V.O.)

To some guys, women are like a cheap puzzle... with pieces that just don't fit. They think the soul of a woman is darker than a back alley... more tangled than a telephone cord... and colder than a Klondike Bar in Canada. But those guys don't even have a clue.

beautiful
term
and

She stops at the railing. We see an incredibly
face and cool, alluring eyes. This is LOLA CAIN. The
"femme fatale" was coined for her. She's on display...
knows it.

NED (V.O.)

When you know women the way I do,
you understand exactly what what
makes them tick... what makes them
hum... what makes them jiggle up and
down when they walk. And it's not
the kind of thing you can learn from
a correspondence course.

MEN

The CAMERA MOVES with her as she walks on, passing TWO
whose eyes are glued to her. We HOLD ON THEM.

hair
him...
sweat
detective
lost.

One is NED RAVINE, in his thirties, stalwart, handsome,
trimmed neatly, but with a feel of loose ends about
coat slung over his shoulder, sleeves rolled up, the
dampening his shirt. He's a cop. A plain clothes
who's been around the block a few times and still gets

years, at
aspirations
Nachos

Next to him is ARCH, his partner. Older, if not in
least in mileage. Dependable, solid, with no great
except to reach the end of a shift intact. He's eating
from a cardboard container, licking the cheese off his
fingers.

Lola.

The CAMERA PUSHES IN to NED. His eyes are fixed on

ANGLE - LOLA - NED'S POV

paper
railing.

She walks to the other side of the pier... as more
sticks to the gum on her shoe. She stands at the

NED (V.O.)

There are two kinds of women in this world... and I've known 'em both.

ANGLE - ARCH

The

Arch heaves an exasperated sigh and looks toward Ned.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to INCLUDE NED. It isn't "voice-over" narration at all. Ned is actually talking out loud.

NED (V.O.)

One will take you for a fast ride on a bumpy road with no seat belt. But the other kind...

ARCH

(interrupts)

Jeez... knock off the chatter, will ya.

NED

Just trying to keep you awake, Arch.

ARCH

I'm awake! Where do you come up with all that crap about women?

NED

It's true. Women are very complex, but if you know how to read 'em... they're an open book. You can always tell the rotten apples from the peaches.

ARCH

Are you kiddin'?

NED

I'd stake my career on it. Anybody ever proves me wrong, I'll throw away my badge.

ARCH

Aayyhh... women are trouble...

NED

I used to believe that too. Until I married Lana. Now, she... is a peach.

ARCH

Yeah, well you're a lucky stiff, pal. Ya hold down two jobs. Got a

beautiful wife waitin' for ya at home. Everything a guy could ever want, including NO kids.

NED

I'd love to have kids.

ARCH

What?! Rug-rats? Give me a break!
(looks around)
Jeez, I hate stakeouts. What makes you think Milo's gonna show up here?

NED

Logic. He knocked off all those banks. He's got cash. He's gonna want to spend it. This is one of the few places that still takes cash. Sooner or later... he's gotta turn up.

ARCH

And how we s'posed to recognize this scumbag?

NED

The "Support Hose Bandit"? When you see him... you'll know him.

ambles
through
In the b.g., MILO CRUMLEY, the "Support Hose Bandit",
by casually, unnoticed, sucking on a cherry Snow-Cone
the panty-hose pulled down over his head.

ARCH

These are the best damn Nachos in North America. Maybe the world!

and
He pops the last chip in his mouth, licks his fingers
turns the container over.

ARCH

I'm empty. I'm gonna get a refill.
You want some?

Ned
steps over to the railing... gazes out at the ocean.

melody... a
A SAXOPHONE begins to wail a scorching, romantic

THEME.

recurrent tune that will come to be known as LOLA'S

railing. He
darkness.

A beat later... Lola moves to Ned's side at the
tries to ignore her presence, peering into the
Lola digs in her purse for a pack of cigarettes.

LOLA

Got a light?

NED

Sure.

purse.
lips...

Ned pulls out a small flashlight, shines it in her
She pulls a cigarette out of the pack, puts it to her
her eyes on Ned, sizing him up.

LOLA

How about a match?

NED

No thanks. I have plenty.

stuffs

He pulls out a handful of matchbooks, shows her, then
them back in his pocket.

beside
named
actual

He turns and walks along the pier. She falls into step
him, lighting her own cigarette. A saxophone player
DIZZY follows behind them, continuing to play. He's the
source of the romantic THEME MUSIC we've been hearing.

LOLA

You really are incredibly stupid,
aren't you? I like that in a man.

NED

I'd be insulted, but I know you're
serious.

LOLA

You sound so sure of yourself.

NED

I'm not as dumb as I look.

LOLA

Let me buy you a drink, Mr. uh...

NED

Ravine. Ned Ravine. And you are...?

LOLA

Thirsty. What about that drink?

NED

I'm on duty.

LOLA

Brain surgeon?

NED

Cop.

LOLA

Oooo... and I bet you have a big gun.

NED

You lose.

Lola looks toward a nearby hot dog vendor.

LOLA

If I can't buy you a drink...
(nods toward vendor)
...let me buy you one of those.

NED

Who can say no to a weiner?

LOLA

Not me.

Lola turns to the hot dog VENDOR, raising two fingers.

LOLA

Two dogs. Hot.

plastic
She takes them... hands one to Ned. He picks up the mustard container to put mustard on her hot dog first.

NED

You come here often?

LOLA

Only when I'm in heat.

of Ned REACTS to this, squeezing the container. A stream
mustard squirts out, hitting the front of Lola's dress.

NED

Oh! Sorry.

dress, Flustered, he stuffs his hot dog into his inside jacket
him pocket, then tries to wipe the mustard off Lola's
smearing it all over her, making it worse. She watches
with a cool, detached gaze as he fumbles ingenuously.
Crumley Suddenly, Ned stops, looking off. He sees... Milo
Lola going into the PUBLIC RESTROOM. Ned starts to leave.
grabs his hand, holding it tightly against her breast.

LOLA

Where ya going?

NED

Get something to wipe it off.

LOLA

That's okay. You're doing just fine.

NED

I'll get you a wet paper towel.

long He heads for the men's room... signaling to Arch, who's
waiting in line at the Nacho stand. Arch motions at the
line... all UNIFORMED COPS... shrugging helplessly.

INT. MEN'S ROOM ON PIER - NIGHT

panty Several MEN are at the urinals. Milo, still wearing the
looks hose over his head, washes his face at the sink. He
the up, sees Ned enter. Ned sees Milo... reacts, pulling
frankfurter out of his pocket and pointing it.

NED

Hold it right there, Milo!

The Men turn, seeing Ned pointing the frankfurter.

RESTROOM PATRON

Look out! He's got a weenie!

through the

Milo bolts, slamming into Ned, knocking him back door of a stall, into the lap of the MAN inside.

EXT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

in a
his
Milo
the

Milo bursts out, colliding with Arch. They both go down flurry of Nacho chips and cheese. Arch helps Milo to feet, apologizing profusely... picking up the gun that dropped, handing it back to him. Milo sprints off down pier.

Milo.

A beat later, Ned bursts out the door... dashing after

ANGLE - ALONG THE PIER

into...

Milo runs frantically, knocking people aside! He ducks

INT. BUMPER CAR PAVILION - NIGHT

in,

...and drags a FLUSTERED MAN out of a bumper car, jumps and speeds away!

flashes his

A beat later, Ned runs up, followed by Arch. Ned badge at a FRECKLE-FACED KID in one of the bumper cars.

NED

Police emergency! I need your car!

FLASHING

Milo, a
bumper

He pulls the kid out, jumps in, slaps a portable RED LIGHT on the dashboard... then speeds off after SIREN WAILING! He zig-zags through the crush of other cars in the pavilion.

alongside.

Ned's bumper car catches up with Milo, pulling

both
Milo turns the wheel, RAMMING Ned! Ned RAMS him back,
bumper cars swerving violently... spraying SPARKS!

out
Ned SLAMS Milo's car again! Milo loses control, spins
and SMASHES into the pavillion railing!

other
Ned swerves to avoid a collision, but RAMS into two
AIRBAG bumper cars, wrenching to a grinding halt. A BEAT. The
inflates in his bumper car.

They
Arch runs up as Ned pulls himself from the wreckage.
over
turn to see Milo leap from his mangled bumper car, leap
an
the pavillion railing and dash down the pier and into
says:
alley between two buildings. A sign on the building
DEAD END ALLEY.

follow
Ned and Arch eye each other, shake their heads, and
after Milo.

OMIT
Sequence omitted from original script.

IN THE ALLEY
Milo runs into a tall chain link fence at the end of
the
alley and scrambles up the wire mesh. Suddenly, Ned's
hand
shoots out, grabs Milo's ankle, yanking him down hard.

Milo's
Milo jumps to his feet, swinging at Ned, who catches
a
fist with his hand, stopping it cold... neatly snapping
fence
handcuff on his wrist. He shoves Milo's arm against the
and snaps the other cuff to the chainlink.

sharp
A SWITCHBLADE flashes out of Milo's other hand with a
face.
CLICK! Milo slashes the blade at Ned, just missing his

and

On the backswing, Ned parries with his own switchblade
flips Milo's knife away.

Ned

Milo pulls a .45 Calibre REVOLVER with his free hand!

looks

shoves his finger into the end of the barrel. Milo
surprised... then sneers, clicking the hammer back.

NED

You take science in high school,
Milo?

MILO

I skipped high school, cop!

NED

Then you're probably not familiar
with the theory of inverse
proportionate explosive dynamics.

MILO

What about it?

NED

If you fire a weapon with the barrel
obstructed, the explosive force
multiplies by twenty-three point
five nine eight and reverses on itself
with diametric polarity?

MILO

Yeah. So?

NED

The gun will blow up in your hand...
and it won't even scorch my pinkie.

MILO

Ha! That's just theoretical
hypothesis. Inverse proportionate
explosive dynamics has never been
demonstrated conclusively in a
laboratory environment.

NED

Oh yeah. Then pull the trigger, smart
guy. Let's find out.

Milo hesitates, unsure. Finally, he releases the gun.

Ned

off

raises it up on the end of his finger. Arch pulls it
with a loud POP!

Ned cuffs Milo's hands behind him... spins him around.

NED

You have the right to remain silent...
next... if you waive that right,
anything you say... next...

REVEAL ARCH

holding up a series of "cue cards"... as Ned reads from
them.

NED

...may be used against you in a court
of law... next... You have the right
to an attorney... Do you have an
attorney?

MILO

Nahhhh!

NED

Then today's your lucky day...

He flips out a business card, handing it to Milo.

ANGLE - THE BUSINESS CARD

It reads... "Ned Ravine - Defense Attorney"

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DAWN

reads
Large. Expensive. Impressive. The name on the mailbox

"Ned and Lana Ravine."

lovemaking!
We begin to HEAR the O.S. SOUND of passionate

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAWN

O.S.,
lust...
the
greasy
namepatch,
shots as

The CAMERA MOVES up the stairs, into the bedroom. Still we hear more heavy breathing... urgent whispers... passion... squeaky bedsprings!
A trail of clothes is scattered before us on the way to bed... shoes, a dress, slip, bra, nylons, panties... coveralls with a "Frank Kelbo - Mobile Mechanic" dirty work boots, a wrench and a gigantic grease gun...
The bed shakes violently. A female VOICE calls the various tools drop to the floor.

LANA (O.S.)

Oh yes, Frank! Adjust the stroke by ten percent! That's it.

(CLUNK! A wrench)

Now tweak my points. Oh yes, oh yes!

(THUNK! Pliers)

You got it! Stabilize your ball joints and grind my rear differential!

(CLINK! Screwdriver)

Now accelerate! Floor it! Lay rubber, baby! VRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM!

a
Lothario,
table.

A beat. The LIGHT clicks ON. LANA; a sexy redhead with cool, manipulative edge, and FRANK; a slick, smarmy lay under the sheets, panting, glistening with sweat. Lana reaches for a pack of "Fatal 100's" on the bedside

LANA

Not bad for an auto mechanic...

FRANK

(grins, cocky)

Yeah, well you're not so bad yourself... for a lawyer's wife...

LANA

Better watch your tongue, sweetie, or I'll have my husband arrest you.

FRANK

Busy man. Cop and a lawyer. When
does he ever find time for you?

She lights a cigarette... exhales a soft, gloomy cloud.

LANA

He doesn't. That's why I need you to
keep my engine tuned, Frank. Why
drive a jalopy when you can have a
hot rod?

FRANK

Maybe you should trade him in on a
new model.

LANA

I would... if I could make any money
on the deal.

FRANK

(reaches for her)

Want to go for another test drive?

him. The SOUND of an automobile engine outside. Lana stops

LANA

Pull over and park it, Frank. I'm
still under warranty.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING

then Ned glances at the white van parked in the driveway,
floor takes note of his wife's silver Mercedes... sitting on
jacks, the hood raised, tools spread out around it.

INT. HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - MORNING

buttoned Ned enters. Lana wears a diaphanous dressing gown,
unevenly, hair disheveled. She smokes a cigarette.

NED

Morning sweetheart.

through Ned kisses her on the back of the neck as he passes
with the kitchen on his way to the dining room. She reacts

pot.

bored, contemptuous disinterest, picking up the coffee

LANA

Uh huh. Want some coffee?

Ned steps back into the kitchen with his briefcase.

NED

No thanks.

messed up,
reading a
cover
Cover All

Ned sees Frank sitting at the kitchen table, hair
coveralls hastily pulled on inside-out. Frank is
copy of INSURANCE DIGEST magazine. A headline on the
touts an article: "LIFE INSURANCE FOR YOUR CAT!...
Nine Lives For The Price of One!" Ned's smile fades.

LANA

Frank here was just grabbing a little
before going back to work on my car.

He steps over to the table... gives Frank a cool stare.

NED

How long you been working on Lana's
Mercedes, Frank?

FRANK

(shrugs)
Oh... I don't know... six, seven
weeks.

NED

And ya still haven't found the
problem?

FRANK

(a leering smile)
Think I got my finger on it though.

Ned turns to Lana.

NED

I know what he's doing, Lana. I wasn't
born yesterday. He's not fixing your
car. He's SCREWING you!

they've
moving

Lana tenses up at this. Frank freezes. He figures
been busted. He sits there, holding the magazine, not
a muscle... as Ned turns on him.

NED

YOU are screwing my wife! I can see
what your game is, Frank. You open
up her hood, poke around in there...
squirt some lubrication in... play
around with all her parts... then
take an old used piston and stick it
in... then pull it out... in, out,
in, out! Every day! There's no end
to it. You just keep coming and
COMING!... and the bill just gets
bigger and BIGGER!

turned

Lana braces herself against the sink, breathless...
on by Ned's description. Ned goes to her, sympathetic.

NED

But you don't see it, do you, Lana?
You're too good... too pure. You
can't see the evil in people like
him.

(turns to Frank)

Well, you're not getting away with
it, pal. I'm pulling the plug! You're
fired!

LANA

(breathless)

Ned... don't you have to be somewhere?

NED

(checks his watch)

Oh... yeah. Thanks, honey. I'm late
for court.

him. He

He goes to kiss her mouth and she turns her cheek to
looks at her lovingly... touches her face tenderly.

NED

You are so naive.

then

He picks up his briefcase, gives Frank a nasty look,
exits thru the back door.

hot
arm.
waist.
her.

Lana and Frank stare at each other lustfully, really now! Frank sweeps the dishes off the table with his arm. Lana leaps into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist. He lays her down on the kitchen table, standing over her.

Frank...

Suddenly, Ned opens the back door, glaring right at not even noticing Lana on the table.

NED

Finish your coffee... then GET OUT!

devour
front

He slams the door. A beat. Lana and Frank begin to devour each other with passionate kisses. Another beat. The doorbell RINGS once... then again.

FRANK

Who's that?

LANA

Just the postman. He always rings twice.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

books.
dramatic
room.
desk.

Richly appointed with stately oak, walls lined with law books. As in all "Noir" thrillers, venetian blinds cast dramatic slashes of light and ceiling fans turn lazily in every room. Ned hurries in, rummaging through the files on his desk.

outer
self-
keeps his

LAURA, a strikingly lovely brunette, enters from the outer office, files in hand. She is Ned's astute, dedicated, self-keeps his sacrificing "girl-friday" and legal secretary. She

him. life from spinning crazily apart. She absolutely adores

NED

Laura... do you know where...?

LAURA

(hands him file)

Right here. The judge decided to skip arraignment and take Milo direct to trial. You're six minutes late, but don't sweat it. You got Judge Allen. He's always eleven minutes late.

page. She picks up a lawbook, flips it open to a dog-eared

LAURA

I suggest you try Lemming versus Florida, 1956... where the guy jumped in the water and everybody followed.

NED

(thinks about it)

Yeah. Good idea.

briefcase. He smiles gratefully... drops the file into his

him Ned heads for the office washroom. Laura darts ahead of into the washroom and turns the water on.

grabs Ned steps in... splashes some water on his face. Laura a towel from the rack where three small towels hang neatly...

hands it to Ned. He dries his face, looking at her with genuine fondness and gratitude.

NED

I don't know what I'd do without you?

flushed. She glances toward the toilet, notices it hasn't been

She FLUSHES it, lowers the seat.

LAURA

Really?

adoringly as She sits down on the toilet seat, watching him
he shaves with an electric razor.

NED

Laura, how long have you worked for me?

LAURA

Two years, seven months, twenty-three days, nineteen hours...

(checks her watch)

...six minutes and fifty-two seconds.

(softly, to herself)

...fifty-three... fifty-four... fifty-five... fifty-six...

NED

And when was the last time I gave you a raise?

point. Laura neatly folds the end of the toilet paper into a

LAURA

Never. But that's okay. I don't need a raise. In fact... I was thinking of giving you a rebate on my salary.

long He clicks off the razor, turns to look at her for a
moment, considering this, then...

NED

Naw. That's okay. You keep it.

tosses He gives her a manly pat on the shoulder then casually
askew... the towel onto the rack, where it hangs sloppily
right next to her face. He exits.

The Laura stares at the towel with a tortured expression.
CAMERA PUSHES IN to her face as we see...

INT. ULTRA-MODERN BEACH HOUSE - DAY

CAPE Scrawled on a steamed-up bathroom mirror - FLASHBACK -
COD - THREE YEARS EARLIER. A hand wipes the mirror off,

black revealing Laura... younger, longer hair, with a nasty eye.

He LAURA'S HUSBAND appears behind her, glaring insanely. looks toward the towel rack.

along There are three towels... with HIS - HIS - HIS embossed others. the bottom edge. One towel hangs longer than the

LAURA'S HUSBAND

Did we forget something?

She meekly lines up all the towels.

LAURA'S HUSBAND

Did we forget something?

She meekly lines up all the towels.

INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

and Laura's Husband pulls the cupboard open. All the cans one. boxes are neatly stacked in straight lines. All except She straightens it... trembling with fear.

EXT. DECK OF BEACH HOUSE - DAY

PINE He pulls her outside, nodding toward a line of tall trees behind the house. They are all straight and even... except one, whose tall branches tower conspicuously above the rest.

Shaking He holds up a chainsaw, nodding toward the trees. and tearful... she backs into the house.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO LAURA

SCREAMING out in terror! Ned rushes in, shaking her.

NED

Laura. Laura! What is it?

LAURA

(coming out of it)
I'm okay, I'm okay. I just get a
bit... claustrophobic... in the
bathroom.

NED

Maybe we should try some prune juice.

She
composure.
He gives her shoulder a consoling squeeze, then exits.
shakily straightens the towels and regains her

along,
Ned opens a wardrobe closet in his office. He walks
looking at thirty exactly identical blue suits, hanging
neatly. Laura follows behind him. He stops and stares,
indecisive.

LAURA

Wear the blue one.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Ned turns dramatically to face the jury.

NED

Ladies and gentlemen... I ask you...
does this look like the face of a
crook?

ANGLE - MILO CRUMLEY

wearing
sitting next to Laura at the defense table... STILL
the panty hose over his head.

BACK TO SCENE

NED

Of course it does. But the question
of my client's guilt or innocence is
not the issue here today. I'm certain
every member of the jury can clearly
see that he's guilty!

BLIND JUROR

I can't.

ANGLE ON NED - JURY'S POV

CAMERA as
Ned ignores this, turning to look directly at the
he addresses the jury... holding up a pair of nylon
pantyhose.

NED

Put yourself in his shoes. Look
through his eyes. See the world the
way HE sees it!

He puts the pantyhose over the LENS, obscuring our
view.

NED

Things just don't look the same.
It's fuzzy... and frightening!

NEW ANGLE - TO INCLUDE NED AND JURY

The nylon pantyhose are draped over the frightened face
of a
WOMAN JUROR. All the other Jurors are holding up their
own
socks and nylon stockings, trying to peer through them.
Ned steps over to Milo, motioning toward him.

NED

Ladies and gentlemen... Milo Crumley
is not the perpetrator here. He is
the VICTIM!

Milo unwraps a piece of bubble gum and pushes it into
his
panty-hose covered mouth, chewing the nylon and gum
together.

NED

Like ALL of us... this man is the
unfortunate victim of these tragically
difficult economic times. And what
does that mean? He can't support his
family!

Ned motions toward the gallery, where we SEE...
...MILO'S WIFE and TWO CHILDREN, all wearing panty hose
over
their faces. Ned motions toward Milo.

NED

For God's sake!... He can't even support his own FACE!

JUDGE ALLEN notices that Milo is chewing gum.

JUDGE ALLEN

Mr. Crumley... you cannot chew gum in my courtroom... unless you have enough for everyone.

Judge
the
Milo holds up a big plastic bag filled with bubble gum.
Allen grabs it, takes a piece of gum and hands it to
Bailiff.

JUDGE ALLEN

Bailiff. Pass these out.

takes a
The Bailiff takes the bag, offers one to Ned... who
piece, unwraps it and starts chewing. The Bailiff then
proceeds to pass out gum to EVERYONE in the courtroom.
The JURY FOREMAN raises his hand and clears his throat.

JUDGE ALLEN

And don't forget the jury.

NED

And so, desperate and broke, with no other options before him, Mr. Crumley went to eleven Savings & Loans and did what any of you would have done. He stole back the money that the S&Ls had stolen from him!

gavel.
The courtroom erupts in CHEERS! Judge Allen raps the

JUDGE ALLEN

(interrupting)

Mr. Ravine... please approach the bench.

cover
The
He does. The Judge leans toward him, reaching out to
the microphone, covering the end of the gavel instead.
Judge's voice is AMPLIFIED over the courtroom speakers.

JUDGE ALLEN

You're not running for congress here,
so knock off the speeches and quit
inciting these brainless morons! Now
pick up the pace and wrap this son-
of-a-bitch up! Call your first
witness.

Ned turns... looking out over the courtroom.

NED

I call... Detective Ned Ravine.

MURMUR.
There is a surprised GASP from the crowd... and a loud

BIBLE -
The BAILIFF holds out a video box. It's titled HOLY
THE VIDEO. Ned puts one hand on it, raises the other.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth,
so help you God?

NED

I do.

Ned sits down... then gets up, his demeanor changing.

NED

Detective Ravine, at the time of the
arrest, did you read the defendant
his Miranda rights?

He slips back into the witness box.

NED

Of course. That's standard procedure.

of
Ned steps over to Arch, who is sitting in the first row
the gallery. Arch hands him the Miranda "cue cards."

NED

Are these the cards Officer Brooks
used to prompt you while reading Mr.
Crumley his rights?

into
He lays them on the corner of the stand... then slips

On the

the chair. He picks the cards up and flips thru them.
back we can see scribbled... "NED'S IDIOT CARDS"

NED

Yeah. These are them.

the

Ned jumps to his feet, pacing dramatically, grabbing
cards.

NED

Reading from the cards now... quote
"You have the right to remain silent,
if you waive that right, anything
you say... may be used against you
in a court of law." Is that right?

NED

(back in the chair)
That's right.

NED

(stands up, announces)
WRONG! The official Miranda warning
is... "anything you say CAN be used
against you in a court of law." Not
"may"... "CAN!"
(on the attack)
Don't you know the difference between
"can" and "may", Detective? Every
school kid knows "can" is a verb
that indicates ability to perform,
while "may" is a verbal auxiliary
indicating the permission to act.

attitude

he

Ned pivots into the witness stand, changing his
from aggressive attorney to defensive, angry witness as
hits the chair.

NED

I didn't have time to worry about
past participles or interrogative
pronouns! I was trying to protect
society from a deranged MADMAN!
(leaps up, pointing)
But this ivy league fop...!!!

strides

The courtroom ERUPTS! The Judge bangs the gavel. Ned

proudly toward the defense table.

NED

I have no more use for this witness.

JUDGE ALLEN

Mr. Ravine...

approach

Ned turns. The Judge motions with a finger for Ned to the bench. Ned does, resting his hand on it.

JUDGE ALLEN

I'm dismissing this case on the grounds of improper grammar.

The Judge smacks Ned's hand with a ruler!

NED

Ow!

PROSECUTOR

(jumps up)

But your Honor...!

JUDGE ALLEN

I know, I know. It's a technicality. But it's the kind of technicality that makes the American legal system what it is today! Court's adjourned!

it

The Judge mistakenly picks up the microphone and whacks on the bench like a gavel. BAM! BAM! BAM! It is DEAFENING! Everyone covers their ears in pain.

DEAFENING!

The THX Sound System Logo appears at the bottom of the screen... along with "The Courtroom Is Listening"

INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

He

Ned turns the key... enters through the private door.

the

HEARS the plaintive sound of a saxophone playing Lola's Theme... his eyes drawn to the slightly opened door to outer office.

ANGLE - NED'S POV THRU OPENING

shoes.

A gorgeous pair of legs, sleek nylons, high-heeled

other

There are several CANDY WRAPPERS, CIGARETTE BUTTS and pieces of TRASH stuck to the bottom of one shoe.

NED

white

pushes the door open. It's Lola. She wears a tight

tips

dress, long white gloves and broad-brimmed hat. The hat up slowly, revealing her eyes.

LOLA

I waited. You never came back.

Ned reaches in his pocket, pulls out a wet paper towel.

NED

I got busy. Here's that paper towel I promised.

LOLA

Thanks...

NED

How'd you get in? The door was locked.

Lola proudly holds up a tiny bobbie pin. She smiles.

LOLA

It's miraculous what a real woman can do... with a bobbie pin.

brutally

Ned looks at the door. The frame and lock have been

She

chewed away, as if someone used a jackhammer on them!

pulls out a pack of cigarettes... BLACK LUNG LITES.

LOLA

(offering)

Cigarette?

NED

No... thanks. They're bad for ya.

soft

He goes to the water cooler. She lights up, exhaling a

purring. cloud of smoke through a sleepy smile, her voice

LOLA

Yes, I know. I like things that are bad for me.

(touching lawbooks)

So... I hear you go both ways.

Ned hesitates... about to drink from the paper cup.

NED

Only once. It was a fraternity prank. I never saw him again.

He gulps the water down, crumbles the cup in his hand.

LOLA

No, I mean... you're a cop and a lawyer.

NED

Oh. Yeah. Well, there's a lot of scum out there on the streets... but they all deserve a fair and costly trial.

the Ned turns, tries to casually "dunk" the crumpled cup in waste basket. He misses.

She Laura enters with a huge pile of lawbooks in her arms. sees Ned miss the basket and darts over as he bends down to pick it up.

LAURA

I'll get that.

She picks it up and tosses it into the waste basket.

NED

Oh... Laura... this is, uh...

LOLA

Lola Cain.

steps Laura sets the heavy load of books on the desk and toward Lola, extending her hand. Lola takes her time removing

shaking the long white glove... finally reaching out and
Laura's hand with a condescending air.

LOLA

(sarcastic)

So lovely to meet you, Laura.

replacing Ned grabs the books and turns to the bookshelf,
each lawbook in its proper slot.

then The "handshake" between Lola and Laura turns tense,
wrestle" aggressive, eventually becoming a "standing Indian
force. as they try to force each other off balance with sheer
away. Ned is oblivious to the battle behind him, chattering

NED

Gotta keep these darn books in their
right place or we'll never find the
ones we need. Let's see, Q thru M...
R thru B... W thru F...

arm Laura suddenly whirls Lola around, putting her in an
doubles lock. But Lola elbows Laura in the stomach! Laura
spins, over. Lola feigns sympathy, taking her hand... then
twisting Laura's arm, flipping her head over heels!
Lola Laura lands on the couch... upside down... gasping.
cigarette. She strikes a haughty pose, still holding her lit
the takes a drag. Laura checks her watch, then tumbles off
couch, landing on her feet. She straightens her skirt.

LAURA

It's getting late. I'll give you a
ride home, Ned.

Finished with the books, Ned turns... smiles.

NED

I have my car.

LAURA

I'll tow you.

NED

Not today. You don't need to wait.
I'll see you tomorrow.

Lola looks at Laura... icy, haughty, triumphant. Laura
moves
frame
Ned.
reluctantly toward the door, sees the lock and door
chewed to pieces... whirls around, heads back toward

LAURA

I should call someone to fix this...

NED

Tomorrow...

door...
She instantly spins around, heads back toward the

LAURA

I'll call from home.

Lola
...and exits. Ned sits down on the corner of the desk.
sits in the chair across from him.

LOLA

I think I should warn you, Mr.
Ravine... I'm not wearing any
underwear.

enticingly,
She crosses her legs suggestively... then slowly,
re-crosses them in the other direction.

pair
another
Unimpressed, Ned opens Laura's desk drawer... pulls a
of sexy lace panties from a Kleenex-style dispenser box
labeled "PANDORA'S POP-UP PANTIES"... which pulls
pair up into position. He tosses the panties to Lola.

NED

Try these on.

they
She does... very, very slowly and seductively... as
talk.

NED

So... what can I do for you?

LOLA

I've run across some... papers...
and I thought you might be able to
tell me what they are. You see, I'm
not very experienced when it comes
to... papers.

NED

I'll help you Miss Cain, if I'm able.
Do you have the... papers... here?

LOLA

No... they're at home. I thought you
might stop by...

NED

I'm on duty tonight.

LOLA

Don't they ever give you a night
off?

NED

Yeah. Tomorrow.

LOLA

(picks up cigarette)

Why don't we meet tomorrow evening
then?

smile... She finishes pulling the panties on with a sultry
"snapping" the elastic waistband. She goes to the door,
pauses... turns to him.

LOLA

I'll let you know where.

NED

(steps over to her)

What's wrong with my office?

She looks around, exhaling another cloud of smoke.

LOLA

Nothing a good interior decorator
couldn't fix.

Dizzy,

She opens the door. Behind her, in the hall, we see the saxophone player, wailing away on "Lola's Theme."

CLOSE ON LOLA

reaches

She takes a final, long drag on her cigarette, then O.S. with it... toward Ned.

LOLA

Take care of this for me, will ya?

door.

With a sultry smile, she turns and leaves, closing the

ANGLE ON NED

The cigarette is stuck in his nose.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

dressed

The front door swings open. Frank is standing there, in a cheap, loose-fitting suit and a T-shirt.

FRANK

I came back for my shower cap.

inside. She

Lana, now wearing the diaphanous gown, pulls him kisses him hungrily, slipping a frilly plastic shower cap with a gaudy floral design on his head.

cap

LANA

Yeah, well you came to the right place.

wearing

She walks to the living room. Frank follows, still the shower cap. Lana snaps her fingers.

LANA

Sit down.

He sits in a chair, looking around.

FRANK

Where is he?

LANA

On duty all night. By the time he wraps up his reports, it'll be close to noon tomorrow.

She sits on the couch, picks up a stack of papers.

LANA

I was just reading over...

She looks up at Frank. Sees the shower cap.

LANA

Take off the hat, Frank.

He slips the shower cap off as Lana continues.

LANA

I was just reading over my husband's insurance policies. You wouldn't know anything about insurance, would you, Frankie?

FRANK

Yeah, matter of fact, I sell policies part-time. I got half a brain... or didn't you notice?

LANA

I musta had my eye on something else.
(hands him papers)
How about a translation.

He flips through, scanning the pages, shrugging.

FRANK

Standard accident policy... all the usual stuff... blah, blah, blah. The face value is... Wow. Not bad. Three million bucks!
(flips page)
And there's a triple indemnity rider.

LANA

Meaning?

FRANK

Aw, it's just something agents throw in so we can boost the premium. If the policy holder dies under very specific conditions, it pays off three times the face value of the policy.

LANA

Nine million dollars...?

FRANK

Yeah... but it's a sure bet for the company. Nobody ever collects.

LANA

Why not?

FRANK

Well, like here... it only pays off if he's shot with a pistol, falls from a moving northbound train and drowns in a fresh water stream.

LANA

All three?

FRANK

See what I mean, sweetheart? What are the odds of that?

LANA

It could happen.
(dramatic beat)
Suppose it did happen?

FRANK

Then you'd be rich.

LANA

Then we'd be rich.

FRANK

What're you sayin'...?

to She drops to her knees in front of him, her face close
his, speaking with a persuasive urgency.

LANA

We're gonna kill the son-of-a-bitch!
And I know exactly how! He has a legal symposium in Santa Barbara this weekend... All we have to do is get him to take the train up instead of driving.

FRANK

How we gonna do that? Didn't you

tell me he hates trains?

LANA

That's where you come in, baby. You're gonna rig his car so it doesn't work. That should be no problem for you.

her She gets up, walks to the adjoining room... snapping fingers at her side. He follows.

scale- She steps to a table, pulls the cover off an elaborate model of Dealey Plaza and a train station, complete with HO- Scale model trains chugging around the tracks.

She uses a pointer to trace the route to the depot.

LANA

Then... we give him a lift to the train station... through Dealey Plaza, past the Book Suppository and around the grassy knoll...

FRANK

Isn't that out of our way?

a Ignoring this, she turns the LIGHTS OFF, walks over to button. screen and picks up a remote control. She clicks the Frank's A SLIDE PROJECTOR comes on, throwing an IMAGE on back. We can read the words: THE PLAN.

LANA

Move, Frank.

He moves over. "THE PLAN" appears on the screen.

LANA

And pay attention.

her As she talks, IMAGES appear on the screen, accompanying rail rapid spiel. We see: a shot of the depot, a map of the and a route, a gun, a river, a Bingo game, baseball action huge dollar sign!

LANA

Ten minutes out of the station he'll be standing in the vestibule between cars... trying to avoid a panic attack. Fourteen minutes and ten seconds out, the train crosses the Santa Ynez River. So at thirteen minutes and fifty-four seconds, I shoot him, shove him out the door... he hits the river and drowns. Bingo! A triple play. We're rich!

The lights click ON.

FRANK

You been thinking about this a lot, haven't you?

LANA

No. It just came to me.
(closer, seductive)
I had this image of a big, powerful, throbbing train... plunging into a long, dark, wet tunnel.

frame.
SHRIEKING a
tunnel.

They embrace, kissing passionately, dropping out of
The model train CHUGS faster, the train whistle
long "Wooooooooo-oooooooooooo!"... racing into a model

INT. POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

GANG
the
cool.

Ned and Arch drag in a bunch of bad-ass, multi-ethnic
MEMBERS they've just busted. Ned angrily shoves one of
toughest gang members against the wall... losing his

NED

Stand over there and shut up!

GANG MEMBER #1

Hey, man, we got rights! Don't you be layin' no deleterious malfeasance on us.

Ned goes ballistic and slams him into the wall again!

NED

Watch your mouth, punk! I don't want
to hear language like that!

calming

Arch grabs Ned by the shoulder, pulling him back,
him.

ARCH

Whoa, hold on, hoss! Take it easy.
You seem a little tense tonight.
What is it?

Ned regains his composure. He's depressed.

NED

Aw... I don't know. I guess it's
Lana. It's just... I know she wants
to have a baby so bad...

Gang Member #1 steps closer, listening.

NED

...but I never get to spend any time
with her. And when I am home... it's
like she's, you know... avoiding
sex.

Gang Member #1 steps closer, listening.

GANG MEMBER #1

You should try to be more sensitive,
man. More romantic. Bring her flowers.

He steps between them, putting his arm around Ned's
shoulder.

GANG MEMBER #1

Try to understand how she feels.
After all...

He steps back, begins to SING "Try A Little
Tenderness"...

GANG MEMBER #1

She may be weary... Women do get
weary... Wearing that same old shabby
dress... But when she's weary... Try
a little ten-der-ness...

The other Gang Members join in on the SECOND VERSE with

a

some sweet, mellow street-corner harmony as back-up... and smooth group choreography.

dewey- The COPS on duty listen raptly, getting maudlin and SERGEANT. eyed. Tears roll down the cheeks of the BOOKING

being The lights dim. A big, gruff COP makes eyes at a HOOKER booked... and they start to slow dance.

munching on Arch watches all this with a sentimental smile, hand, his Nachos. When the song ends, Arch puts a comforting covered with Nacho cheese, on Ned's shoulder.

NED

That can't be it. I'm the tenderest guy on the force. Nah... I think she's just afraid she won't be able to get pregnant.

ARCH

What's to be afraid! It's like making breakfast! You bring home the bacon... she's got the eggs. Ya scramble it up. Ba-da-boom ba-da-bing! She's got an omelette in the oven!

(a beat, then)

Why don't you knock off early... go home. It'd be nice for Lana to wake up in the morning and find you there for a change.

NED

Naw... I can't. I got all this paperwork.

ARCH

Don't worry about that.

GANG MEMBER #1

We'll do our own paperwork, man!

OTHER GANG MEMBERS

Yeah! We'll fill out all that shit.

Members Ned nods, smiles and gratefully "high-fives" the Gang

as he heads for the door.

INT. THE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

The house is dark. A key turns in the lock and Ned enters.

IN THE BEDROOM

It's dark. Ned quietly undresses and slips into bed.

INT. BEDROOM - CLOSE ON LANA - DAWN

flutter
hits
her. She turns! Frank is on the other side, curled up, snoring. She's laying between both men!

mouth...
bed.
on
steadily.

fall
freezes.
stepping
on the TV REMOTE CONTROL.

up...
down, but
WILLARD
SCOTT, doing the weather on the TODAY SHOW.

all
the buttons. The VOLUME goes up... SOUND BLASTING!

WILLARD SCOTT

(on television)

...and Mrs. Prudy Ann Camomile of
Delphi, Georgia is one-hundred and

thirteen! What a gorgeous hunk of female! Smokes three cigars a day, drinks a straight shot of vodka at bedtime... and still has sex!

for The alarm clock goes off, CLANGING LOUDLY! Lana dives it, slamming her hand down, killing the alarm.

TV, Going for a double-play, she flings the clock at the nailing the on/off switch! Silence. Ned is still out cold.

floor Frank moves toward the door... but with each step the CREAKS LOUDLY! He turns the knob. It CLUNKS! He pulls the door open v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y and it CRE-E-E-E-A-K-S like the piercing metal brakes of a train!

gently. He blows Lana a kiss, then pulls the door closed very hand It sticks. He pulls harder. The knob pops off in his HUGE and he falls backward, tumbling down the stairs with a RACKET! Ned doesn't stir. Finally it's SILENT. Lana exhales.

trilling A SMALL BIRD lands on the sill of the open window, irritated. a sweet little "CHIRP." Ned sits bolt upright,

NED

Damn birds!

He grabs his shoe, heaving it toward the open window.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING

arrogant Frank glances back up at the bedroom window with an smirk. WHAP! Ned's shoe hits him right in the face!

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

street, Ned comes down the courthouse steps. He pauses in the

STUNNING
hat...
heel

glimpsing the back of a WOMAN passing nearby... a
BLOND decked out in a clinging dress and fashionable
a long strip of toilet paper trailing from her high
shoe. It must be LOLA. He turns to watch her.
A HORN BLARES! BRAKES SCREECH! The SOUND OVERLAPS to...

INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

ripped,
crushed.

The door opens. Ned enters, looking terrible. Suit
hair messed up, bruised and battered, briefcase

LAURA

My God, Ned... you look like you
were hit by a bus.

NED

I was.
(notices)
Who's in my office?

LAURA

Max Shady's mother.

NED

Not again.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

sits

MRS. SHADY, an older woman with a pleasant appearance,
in an overstuffed leather chair. Ned and Laura enter.

NED

Hello, Mrs. Shady.

identical
clothes.

Ned goes straight to his office closet, pulls out an
blue suit... and starts stripping off his tattered

NED

Laura... check on my insurance. Make
sure it's paid up.

Laura reluctantly returns to the outer office.

MRS. SHADY

Good idea, Mr. Ravine. My son, Max,
is getting out of prison tomorrow.

NED

(checks his watch)
Gee, has it been seven years already?

MRS. SHADY

Seven long, miserable years in the
slammer. And he's a bit pissed off.

NED

Well, being locked in a tiny room
with no TV can make a guy feel pretty
tense.

MRS. SHADY

I'm very concerned about him, Mr.
Ravine. He said you were a two-bit
shyster... and he's going to rip
your head off and use it for a bowling
ball!

He goes to her, putting a comforting hand on her
shoulder,
looking her right in the eye, attempting to provide
solace.

NED

I'm sure the experience wasn't all
negative. He probably made a lot of
friends...

MRS. SHADY

(ever hopeful)
You think?

NED

...learned a useful trade...

MRS. SHADY

Oh yes... live autopsies...

NED

...caught up on all those books he
wanted to read...

She struggles to her feet feebly...

MRS. SHADY

Maybe so... but he said he's going

to punch you in the testicles...

He She hauls off and PUNCHES him like a pile driver! WHAM!
doubles over, gasping.

MRS. SHADY

...smash your face...

him She KNEES him in the face, raising him up... then nails
with a devastating RIGHT CROSS, spinning him around. He
collapses over the desk.

MRS. SHADY

...and decimate your wardrobe.

the She grabs the tail of his suit jacket and rips it up
back!

MRS. SHADY

And I wouldn't want that to happen.

(spans his butt)

He's a naughty naughty boy. I just
thought I should warn you.

office. She turns and shuffles out, passing through the outer

MRS. SHADY

(to Laura)

Bye for now.

(pauses by desk)

Oh... may I have a cookie?

LAURA

(at file cabinet)

Sure.

at She grabs a handful of cookies and casually flings them
Laura... as she heads out the door.

MRS. SHADY

Thank yooooooooou.

Laura rushes into Ned's office with the file folder. He
staggers unsteadily by the desk.

LAURA

Oh my God, Ned.

NED

I hate when she comes to see me.

LAURA

Don't you realize, Ned?... you could be in real danger.

NED

(sees file)

What's that?

LAURA

Extreme peril. You know, the risk of personal bodily harm.

NED

(points at file)

No... I mean that.

LAURA

Your insurance file. But the policy's missing. Did you take it home?

NED

I don't think so.

Laura looks puzzled... wondering where it might be.

Then...

LAURA

Oh, wait a second...

She goes to her desk in the outer office, digs through a drawer. Suddenly, she GASPS!

She is holding...

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH

of her abusive HUSBAND... sneering. A circle has been drawn around his head with lipstick and a diagonal line slashed across his face.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO: FLASHBACK

HER HUSBAND'S FACE

piece
line.
peers out through a sailboat porthole at stormy seas. A
of masking tape stuck to the glass matches the diagonal

INT. CABIN OF SAILBOAT - NIGHT

hung
bottom
eyes.
Laura's Husband turns from the porthole. Laura cowers.
The boat pitches and heaves, disturbing all the neatly
towels, emblazoned with MINE - MINE - MINE across the
edge. Laura's Husband reacts with a crazed look in his

Laura makes a break for it, running up on deck.

EXT. SAILBOAT IN STORM - NIGHT

fore and
aft. Laura's vanished! He looks out to sea, calling...

LAURA'S HUSBAND

Lau-raaaaa!

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

inflatable
to
sea, triumphant... tossing the plastic float aside.
Laura paddles ashore, grasping a little kid's
float ring. She struggles onto the sand and looks out

MONTAGE - ULTRA CONTEMPO BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

house.
-- Laura rushes in, tracking water all through the

very
and
wet tresses, then puts on a WIG... that is also LONG

WET!

a
brown
paper bag.
-- Laura retrieves a bra and a package of Twinkies from
secret hiding place... and stuffs them into a small

-- Laura hurriedly mops up her water tracks, then...
-- She uses an industrial buffer to wax the hardwood
floor.

-- Laura removes her wedding ring... throws it in the
toilet.
She reaches for the handle to flush it... hesitates,
seeing
the "CONSERVE WATER - THIS MEANS YOU!" sticker on the
toilet.
She reaches into the bowl and retrieves the ring.

-- On the deck, Laura throws the wedding ring toward
the
ocean. A SEAGULL swoops down, snatching it in mid-air
and
flies off.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

-- In the bathroom... the Seagull flies in through the
open
window, lands on the back of the toilet and drops the
ring...
into the toilet bowl!

EXT. THE BEACH - NEXT MORNING

Laura's Husband reaches into the surf and picks up the
deflated float ring. He looks at it with a cruel sneer.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - BATHROOM

Laura's Husband fishes Laura's wedding ring out of the
toilet
bowl... looking off with demonic rage!

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK

from Laura's SCREAMING mouth! Her eyes are filled with
pure
terror! A GIGANTIC wave of WATER splashes in her face!
We see Ned... holding a tiny empty paper cup in his
hand.
Laura is completely drenched!

NED

Laura! Are you alright? That was a very long flashback you had.

She snaps out of it, sputtering.

LAURA

Yes... I know. It's okay. I'm just a little... pre-menstrual.

message She goes to her desk, still upset. She picks up the spike and turns to Ned.

LAURA

That Lola Cain... "person"... stopped by. She left this!

card She thrusts it toward Ned's face! There's a business stuck on the end. He pulls it off.

ANGLE - CLOSE ON BUSINESS CARD

Of It reads: LE HOT CLUB! No Air Conditioning... And Proud 7:30". It! Scribbled next to it is the message... "Meet me at The edges of the card are scorched.

INT. LE HOT CLUB - NIGHT

Everybody It's dark, seductive, smoky, crowded... and HOT. is dripping with sweat and holding unlit cigarettes. one leg Ned enters, sees Lola sitting on a stool at the bar, stuck to crossed provocatively over the other. A beer can is CLUNK. the gum on the bottom of her shoe. It falls off with a smiles. He sits on the stool next to her. She looks at him,

NED

Oh yeah, before I forget... you asked me to take care of this.

CIGARETTE. He reaches into his jacket pocket, pulls out a LIT

It has a very long ash.

LOLA

Thanks...

flow out
time!

She takes it... inhales a drag, then lets the smoke
through her smile. It flows out for a loooooooooong
More smoke than she could ever have inhaled. Then...

NED

You smoke too much.
(looks around, then)
It's hot tonight.

LOLA

Is it? I never know. My body heat
runs about twenty degrees above
normal.

saxophone
see a
spontaneously
from
extinguisher.

He notices the drink in her hand is BOILING. A
begins to softly wail Lola's Theme. Ned looks over to
QUARTET, featuring Dizzy on sax. The GUITARIST
bursts into FLAME! A FIREMAN, in full gear, jumps up
the bar and puts out the blaze with a fire
None of the band members miss a beat.

NED

Maybe we should look for a cooler
place.

LOLA

I doubt we'll find one. Even the
wind chimes on my porch aren't moving
much these days. They keep thudding
softly, like dairy cows bumping butts
in the night. I go out there expecting
to find a cool breeze... but it's
just a lot of hot air.

across

Ned glances at the MALE CUSTOMERS... sitting at the bar
from them. They're staring coldly at Ned.

NED

What're they lookin' at?

LOLA

A lot of them have tried that seat.
You're the first one's lasted this
long.

NED

I feel honored.

LOLA

Don't. It's broken.

CRASH!

A beat of realization, then the stool collapses with a
Ned pulls himself back up and drags another stool over.

NED

Did you bring the... papers?

LOLA

No. I thought you might come over...

NED

Sure. I'll drive you.

LOLA

I brought my own car.

NED

I'll follow you then.

LOLA

I know it sounds silly, but would
you leave first... wait in your car?
I come here a lot and I wouldn't
want those men to think I'm "easy"...
a slut who'll jump into bed with
anyone at the drop of a hat. But if
you leave first...

NED

...they'll think I'm a putz for
passing up a sure thing.

face.

suddenly,

bar!

Lola stares at Ned for a long moment... then SLAPS his
He doesn't move, remaining staunchly macho. Then,
she SLUGS HIM so hard it knocks him over the top of the

LOLA

(for all to hear)
Now leave me alone!

picks
to
She pauses to give him a flicker of a COY SMILE... then
up her drink and moves to a nearby table. Ned struggles
his feet and staggers to the door.

INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT

mouth.
THEME
Ned is a mess! Blood trickles from the side of his
Shirt soaked in sweat. He turns the radio ON. LOLA'S
starts playing.

car,
are
A small ceiling fan hangs from the interior roof of his
turning slowly. The venetian blinds on his side windows
partially open, letting in slashes of dramatic light.

ANGLE - HIS POV OF ROAD

He's following Lola's car. It signals and turns left.

INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT

spins
tunnel!
Still hot, Ned pulls the chain on the ceiling fan. It
faster. MUCH faster! The car becomes like a wind

EXT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

a
side
The two cars enter a long drive, coming to a stop near
large two story house surrounded by lush greenery.
Ned climbs out... his wind-blown hair flattened on one
and sticking out crazily.

ANGLE - LOLA'S CAR DOOR - NED'S POV

her
shoe.
It opens. Lola's legs swing out. The CAMERA PANS DOWN
long legs to her feet. The car floormat is stuck to one
She casually shakes it off... going to the front door.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

They enter. It's DARK. Ned squints into the shadows.

NED

Well, here we are... in the dark.

LOLA

I have The Clapper.

NED

You what?

She
then
her.

Lola CLAPS her hands twice and all the LIGHTS COME ON.
smiles at him... drops her car keys on the hall table,
goes up the stairs.
Ned drops his car keys on the table too and follows

EXT. PORCH OFF BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dozens

Lola clicks on a porch light. She and Ned step out.
of small boxes hang around the perimeter of the porch.

LOLA

My wind chimes.

"thud"

Ned steps over, running his hands along the boxes. They
against each other.

NED

You know, these would work a lot
better if you took them out of the
boxes.

metal
breeze.

He slips several boxes off, releasing clusters of the
chimes. They "tinkle" and "clang" melodically in the

LOLA

Well well... I guess you have been
around. I'm impressed.

She moves close, coming on to him. Ned feels uneasy.

NED

Why don't we take a look at those...
papers?

LOLA

(remembering)

Papers. Right.

INT. DRESSING AREA OFF BEDROOM - NIGHT

shoe,
heel.
Lola comes in, looks around, then down. She removes her
pulling off two scraps of paper stuck to the gum on her

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The
back
Ned is looking through a book... "KAMIKAZE KAMA SUTRA -
Encyclopedia of Deadly Sexual Positions." Lola comes
in, hands Ned the two scraps of paper.

NED

That's it? These are the... papers?

LOLA

Yes. They're so confusing to me. Can
you tell me what they are?

He checks them out... shrugs. It's obvious.

NED

This one's a laundry receipt... and
the other one's an expired lottery
ticket.

away.
He hands them back to her, but she gently pushes them

LOLA

No. You keep them... as a memento of
our time together.

sensuously
him
closer.
She slips them into his jacket pocket... then
slides her hands around him, grabbing his buns, pulling

LOLA

I'm so grateful. How can I ever repay
you for all you've done?

NED

Cash would be nice.

LOLA

Isn't there some other way?

NED

I suppose you could wash my car.

LOLA

No, I mean, isn't there something else you want? Something I could give you?

She seductively starts to slide the jacket off his shoulders.

NED

Hey... slow down... there's a speed limit in this state. Sixty-five miles an hour.

LOLA

How fast was I going, officer?

NED

Oh, about a hundred and twenty-three.

LOLA

Suppose you pull me over and frisk me?

NED

Suppose I let you off with a warning?

LOLA

Suppose I find a cop with a bigger nightstick?

NED

Suppose I put you under arrest for being a bad girl with bad thoughts?

LOLA

Suppose you handcuff me to the bed?

NED

(rapid run-on)

Suppose I do and then we lose the key and while I'm gone to get a duplicate made the house catches on

fire and I can't get back to save
you because the bridge is washed out
and so you die a horrible death
toasted like a Polish sausage on a
flaming spit!

(shakes his head)

Nah... I better be going.

He turns and leaves. She is stunned, confused,
breathless.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Ned opens the door, pauses, turns... as Lola joins him
there.

She looks into his eyes with desire.

LOLA

You're not so tough. Last chance.

She moves her lips close to his, about to kiss him.
Then...

NED

No thanks. I got a cold shower and a
wife who trusts me waiting at home.

LOLA

What's the matter? Don't you want
me? It's the way I look, isn't it?

He steps out, pauses... turns to her.

NED

Don't forget to lock up.

Ned pulls the door shut. The lock CLICKS. He pauses by
his
the
door.

He tries the knob, but the door is locked. He looks
through
breathing
bannister,
heart.
the small window. He sees Lola standing inside...
heavily, bracing herself against the staircase
hand to her heaving chest as if to calm a pounding

the
enticingly
it.
locked.

He pushes against the door. It won't budge. He goes to
large window, gazing inside. She slides one hand
across her breast and thigh, striking a seductive pose.
He points toward the door, motioning for her to unlock
it.
She looks away. Frustrated, Ned tries the window. It's
locked.

window!
vibrate!

He picks up a wrought iron chair, SLAMS it into the
The heavy chair falls apart. The glass doesn't even

into
front of
sky!

He sees a riding power mower in the driveway... jumps
the seat, starts the engine... barreling toward the
the house! THUNDER CRASHES and LIGHTNING FLASHES in the
sky!

hole

He PLOWS into the side of the house, SMASHING a huge
thru the wall!... MOWING a swath in the carpet!

her. She
dramatically!

Lola GASPS. Ned climbs off the mower, moving toward
opens her arms, breathless. The MUSIC SWELLS
She intercepts him, embracing him passionately.

LOLA

I knew you'd come back...

NED

(looking past her)

I forgot my car keys.

table.

He struggles free, grabbing his car keys from the hall

tenaciously.

She follows, embracing him again, even more

LOLA

That's not what you came back for.

NED

Yes it is.

him
relentless...
Impatient, she crushes her mouth against his, kissing
hard, desperately clawing at his clothes. She's
devouring him with her lips and tongue.

drop
Overwhelmed, he succumbs to her passion. His car keys
from his hand. She pushes him down toward the floor.

LOW ANGLE - AT FLOOR LEVEL

fly
twisting
Her hands grasp his shirt, ripping it open. The buttons
in all directions! She grabs at his leather belt,
it in her hands... ripping it in two!

off!
Then the other!... tossing them over each shoulder!

process.
Ned and Lola tumble across the floor, arms and legs
entangled... rolling themselves up in a rug in the

ANGLE - FIREPLACE

BREATHING.
the
CRASHING
and
other.
A roaring fire. We HEAR O.C. MOANING and HEAVY
The CAMERA TILTS DOWN to a sheepskin rug in front of
fireplace. No one is there! A crystal vase falls,
on the stone hearth. The CAMERA TILTS UP to REVEAL Ned
Lola... stretched out on the mantle, ravishing each

ANGLE - THE REFRIGERATOR

out...
them.
The door suddenly BURSTS OPEN! Ned and Lola tumble
wrapped in each other's arms, food tumbling out with

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

ANGLE - THE DINING ROOM TABLE

and
and
the
platter
foot
Sullivan

The table wiggles. The CAMERA MOVES UP to REVEAL Ned
Lola kissing passionately. She lays on the table, arms
legs stretched upward... a spinning plate balanced on
pointed finger of each hand... and a large spinning
balanced on the end of her pointed left toe. Her right
brushes the platter to keep it spinning. The Ed
Show position.

SEVERAL ANGLES - IN BED

sheets.

-- Ned and Lola's entangled legs, moving under the

-- Ned sitting, wrists tied to the brass bed with silk
scarves.

-- Lola, also with her wrists tied to the bed with silk
scarves.

BOTH

-- Then... A WIDER ANGLE... revealing that they are
tied... at opposite ends of the same bed!

ANGLE - THE BASEMENT STAIRS

stairs...

Wrapped in each other's arms, they tumble down the
crashing into a workbench, still kissing passionately!

ANGLE - A WALL SOCKET

wool
an
naked
The

Ned's hand plugs in a cord. RACK FOCUS to a soft lamb's
BUFFER WHEEL rising into frame, WHIRRING. It dips into
open can of FLOOR WAX... then moves over to Lola's
body, buffing the surface of her skin to a high gloss.
CAMERA MOVES to her EYES. They're CROSSED in ecstasy.

ANGLE - THE BEDROOM FLOOR

up

HEAVY BREATHING. SQUEAKY BED NOISES. The CAMERA MOVES

The
WE

along the mattress. The bed moves with a jerky rhythm.
CAMERA REVEALS Lola's hand, grasping the sheet tightly.
MOVE UP to Lola, lying face down against the pillow.

LOLA

(breathless)
...don't... stop...

FULL SHOT - THE BED

Lola is
bed.

Ned jumps up and down on the bed like a trampoline!
on her stomach, bouncing each time Ned's feet hit the

LOLA

...Oh Ned... please... don't...
stop...

He does a complete BACK FLIP!... then keeps bouncing.

EXT. THE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

other
shingles.
one
arms...

The wind blows. THUNDER and LIGHTNING! RAIN pours down.
Ned and Lola, both in yellow rain slickers, ravish each
lustfully on the roof, sliding down the incline of
Oblivious to the peril, they slip right over the edge!
They hang from the eaves trough, each clutching it with
hand while still holding one another with their free
kissing passionately. The trough breaks! They fall!

ANGLE - THE GROUND BELOW

legs

They roll out of the bushes onto the lawn, arms and
entangled. They fall apart, gasping for breath. A beat.

LOLA

That takes care of foreplay.

him.

Ned's eyes widen. Lola grins lustily, rolling on top of

INT. PRISON CELL - MORNING

Mussolini... The cell wall is a clutter of PHOTOS: Hitler...
Charles Manson... and his mother, Mrs. Shady.
to A man's muscular naked torso rises into frame, his back
us. He's doing pull-ups, his body covered with TATTOOS!
Quotes on each arm... "Don't have a cow, man!" - Bart
Simpson... and "I know you are, but what am I?" - Pee
Wee Herman.
you I On one shoulder, a gravestone with the epitaph "I told
was sick!"
Ned's In the center of his back... we see a big tattoo of
face labeled "DEAD MEAT."
A GUARD opens the cell door.

GUARD

It's time, Max.

looking. The prisoner turns. He's butt-ugly, hard, nasty
his It's MAX SHADY... with a HUGE "Double Corona" CIGAR in
FOR mouth. On his chest is a tattoo that reads: THIS SPACE
FRAME RENT. He walks right toward the CAMERA LENS and the
goes TO BLACK.

MATCH

CUT TO:

BLACK FRAME

EXT. FEDERAL PRISON - MORNING

REPORTERS Two huge iron doors swing open and a mob of milling
suit rushes forward, surrounding Max Shady. He wears a blue
shove just like Ned's. The Reporters have no microphones, but
questions. their empty hands at Max as if they do. They shout

REPORTER #1

Mr. Shady! What's the first thing you're gonna do now that you're out?

MAX SHADY

Find Ned Ravine... rip his head off and use it for a bowling ball!

REPORTER #2

Are you a good bowler?

REPORTER #3

You ever bowled a three-hundred game?

REPORTER #4

How would you handle a seven-ten split?

REPORTER #1

Say, aren't you wearing one of Ravine's "trademark" blue suits?

MAX SHADY

Yeah. The bastard gave it to me as a gift... to make up for losing my case. Now I'm going to wear it to his friggin' funeral!!

kid. Shady sees someone o.s., waves like a gleeful little

MAX SHADY

Ma!

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - MORNING

nylon A ceiling fan rotates slowly... a pair of shorts and a stocking hanging from the blades. The house is a wreck!
in a The CAMERA MOVES DOWN to Ned and Lola, both reclining
draped big claw-foot bathtub, facing each other, their arms lazily over the sides. Ned's eyes are closed.
raising it "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" plays on the stereo in the b.g.
Lola's hand reaches for an ICE PICK on the floor,

lighter
cigarette.

up slowly. Then... CLICK!... ignites the cigarette
in the handle, touching the flame to the end of her

silver
across

She chips away a big chunk of ice from the block in a
ice bucket beside her... then sensuously rubs the ice
her breasts. Ned winces at the sight of this.

into
cringes,
from

Lola smiles at him, then lets the chunk of ice slide
the water... and pushes it between Ned's legs. He
eyes crossed. The familiar repetition of MUSICAL notes
the stereo DRONES LOUDER... grabbing Ned's attention.

NED

That's Madam Butterfly, isn't it?

LOLA

Iron Butterfly. In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida.

NED

(listening)

Oh yeah, sure... now I can hear it.

LOLA

It tells the sad story of a woman
who is rejected by her lover after a
brief, but torrid, affair... so she
stalks him with an ice pick and stabs
him with it more than a thousand
times.

NED

Really? I never could understand the
lyrics.

each
raises
heel

He lifts his feet out of the water, dangles them over
side of the tub. He's still wearing one blue sock. Lola
her feet out of the water. She's still wearing her high
shoes. They are dripping.

NED

You know, what happened last night
was very, uh...

LOLA

Yes... it was. I should check on my homeowners insurance.

NED

But we can't ever let it happen again. Ever!

LOLA

What are you saying, Ned? That you're rejecting me, your lover, after a brief, but torrid, affair?!

vulnerable. Ned pulls his feet in, sits up... suddenly feeling

He measures his words very, very carefully.

NED

I wouldn't put it exactly like that. It's just that... well, I'm married to a wonderful woman... who is very, very attractive...

(but adds quickly)

...not that you aren't very attractive!

IN to

His voice begins to ECHO and FADE as the CAMERA MOVES a CU of Lola's enraged EYES!

NED

(voice echoing)

...you aren't very attractive... you aren't very attractive... you aren't very attractive...

And then WE SEE...

scratching

A CLOSE SHOT of her hand, grasping the ice pick...

porcelain. A

it along the side of the tub, peeling back the

GRATING SCREECH OVERLAPS to...

INT. PET STORE - DAY

reveal

TIGHT on a SCREECHING TROPICAL BIRD. We PULL BACK to

been

Ned looking around the store. His ripped pants have

CLERK

temporarily repaired with big pieces of masking tape. A
steps over with two big Parrots on her shoulders.

CLERK

Don't touch anything. You bond with
it... you buy it. Whatdya want?

NED

I'd like to buy a pet.

She eyes him suspiciously.

CLERK

Yeah. For what purpose?

NED

It's a gift... for my wife.

CLERK

Right. They all say that.

NED

She spends a lot of time alone. I
thought it might be nice if she had
something to keep her company.

CLERK

Yeah. Sure. I bet. How do I know
you're not the kind of guy who punches
out parakeets? Or takes some poor
defenseless animal, throws it in a
sack and runs over it with your car
five or six times.

NED

I would never hurt an animal.

CLERK

Boy, I would. They're driving me
CRAZY!

Turns and SHOUTS at the noisy birds.

CLERK

Shuddup!

They do. She turns back to Ned.

CLERK

Okay... tell me more about this broad
you're married to. I like to match

people with the pets they deserve.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

busy.
Gang
to
The
Gang Members harmonize with him.

the
A Gang Member reaches for a nacho chip. Arch grabs for
gun in his shoulder holster.

ARCH

Uh-uh.

mouth,
harmony.
The Gang Member drops the chip. Arch pops it in his
continues singing. The Gang Members join in with

airholes
singing
them
Ned enters in the background, carrying a box with
in it. He steps over to his desk, looking at the
Gang Members, then motions like a choir leader, cutting
off neatly.

NED

(doubtful)

You do all my paperwork?

stares at
They all hand over their completed paperwork. Ned
them for a beat... surprised.

NED

Get out of here.

Arch
They do. He opens the files... checks out the papers.
notices something O.S. and gets up.

ARCH

And a damn good job, too. One of 'em
even did it in Spanish.

Arch turns the sound up on a wall-mounted TV monitor.

ARCH

Hey Ned! Catch this! Friend of yours.

On the screen... it's Max Shady speaking to the press.

MAX (O.S.)

(on T.V.)

...I'd like to reach down Ned Ravine's throat and pull out his guts with my bare hands!

ARCH

(shocked)

Jesus... you hear that?

NED

He's just working through his anger, trying to find a constructive outlet.

ARCH

Are you kiddin'! He'll do it! The guy's a friggin' looney!

NED

Trust me, I spent a lot of time with him when I was preparing his case. He's really a very sweet, sensitive human being.

MAX

(on T.V.)

I'd like to mash his head like a ripe melon...

NED

He gets a little melon-dramatic.

MAX

(on T.V.)

...then cut off all his fingers and rip out his liver with my teeth!

NED

(shrugs)

See. Loves to exaggerate.

Arch slumps in his chair, really stunned.

ARCH

Christ, Ned... you're in deep shit.

messages
up.
Ned laughs it off. He starts checking through the
and paperwork on his desk. The PHONE RINGS. He picks it

NED

Lieutenant Ravine.

Ned's face darkens. He turns away.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - TIGHT SHOT - LOLA'S MOUTH - DAY

Speaking into the phone... intense, obsessive.

LOLA

I want to see you, Ned.

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

NED

(whispering harshly)

I told you not to call me! It's
finished between us. No. No, I'm not
sucking anything of yours anymore!

(voice gets louder)

It's done! OVER!

Everyone
He SLAMS the receiver down, shattering the phone!
stares at Ned in stunned silence.

NED

(shrugs it off)

Wrong number.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - DAY

squirts
She
She's in the bathtub, phone receiver in one hand, still
jabbing at the porcelain tub with the ice pick. Water
from the holes she's punctured in the side of the tub.
flings the ice pick at the wall. It sticks!

EXT. PARK - DAY

hat and
pretending
Lana is seated on a park bench wearing a trenchcoat,
sunglasses. Frank walks up, looks around nervously,

not to know Lana. He sits down next to her.

FRANK

How come we gotta meet here?

LANA

We have to be careful now. We can't risk being seen together at the house or someone might connect us to the murder later on.

She hands him a hat.

LANA

Here... put this on.

hesitates,
She takes her sunglasses off, looks at him. He staring at the hat. A dignified looking OLDER GENTLEMAN approaches. Frank quickly slips the hat on his head.

He
out
The Older Gentleman sits on the bench across from them. opens a paper sack and begins neatly laying his lunch next to him. An apple, sandwich, napkin, Mountain Dew.

LANA

(whispers to Frank)
Speak Yiddish.

FRANK

What?

LANA

Red Yiddish.

on,
ENGLISH
We see the SUB-TITLE "Speak Yiddish." From this point all their dialog is in YIDDISH... but it appears in SUB-TITLES across the bottom of the screen.

FRANK

Ich hobe getracht, efsher iz der nisht geshtoigen un nisht gefloygen.
(I been thinkin'... maybe this plan is too complicated.)

LANA

Zein nisht azoy meshige! Der plan iz

kosher vi yosher.
(Quit worrying. The
plan is perfect.)

INTERCUT - ANGLE ON OLDER GENTLEMAN

occasionally
however,
He tosses crumbs of his sandwich to the pigeons,
glancing up at Frank and Lana. Whenever they speak,
his eyes look down toward their legs.

INTERCUT - MEDIUM TWO-SHOT ON FRANK AND LANA

with SUB-TITLES across the bottom of screen, about
knee-level.

FRANK

Yo! Ober mir darfen imvarfen in tsug.
Un schissen un schtippen in vasser
arein. Oy a broch! Mir zenen git
bakackt.

(Yeah, but we gotta
get him on the train,
shoot him... then
push him in the river.
There's a million
ways we can screw
up.)

LANA

Vus iz mit idr? Die host a vaichen
schmoke?

(You're not going
soft on me, are you?)

FRANK

Ven hob ich gehat a vaichen schmoke?

(When have I ever
gone soft on you?)

LANA

Lest'n Yomkippur.
(Last Yom Kippur.)

FRANK

Nu shoin, ein mul. Es paseert tsie
yeyden man.

(Okay... once! It
happens to every
guy.)

He looks around nervously.

FRANK

Oy! Mir vellen zein oif groise tsures.
Me'vet unz chap'n.

(We're going to be in
big trouble. They're
going to catch us.)

OLDER GENTLEMAN

There's very little risk involved.
Statistics reveal that less than
thirty-two percent of all murderers
are ever apprehended.

They both look at him... stunned. A long beat.

LANA

You speak Yiddish?

OLDER GENTLEMAN

No. But I can read sub-titles.

Frank and Lana are speechless. But across the bottom of
the screen we see a SUB-TITLE reflecting their thoughts.

SUB-TITLE

Oy vay!

INT. NED'S LAW OFFICE - DAY

Ned enters, carrying the box. He sets it down on her
desk.

LAURA

Oh gee, you shouldn't have...

NED

I didn't. It's for my wife.

He goes into his office, starts to change out of his
tattered suit. Laura talks to him from the outer office.

LAURA

She called. Wondered why you never
came home last night. I told her you
were working with a client,
undercover.

She steps into the doorway of his office.

LAURA

Were you?

NED

What?

LAURA

There's lipstick on your collar.

the She returns to her desk. Disturbed, Ned quickly pulls
shirt collar out, checks it.

NED

No there isn't.

LAURA

No... there isn't. But you answered
my question. She's a real looker,
huh?

NED

Who?

LAURA

Lola Cain.

NED

I hadn't noticed.

through the She opens the blinds behind her and looks at Ned
window between their offices.

LAURA

Yeah, I noticed how you hadn't
noticed.

(returns to work)

That's alright. She noticed enough
for both of us.

Ned She picks up a stack of papers from the FAX machine.
steps into the doorway, wearing a clean shirt.

LAURA

I worry about you, Ned. I worry a
lot.

(hands him papers)

Max Shady's been faxing death threats
to you all morning.

NED

(reading bits)
...stick a knife in your...
(reacts, next)
...rip the eyeballs out of your...
(next)
...drive razor-sharp spikes under
your...

LAURA

Did you get to the one...?

NED

...cut it off... shove it in a
blender.

LAURA

Yeah... that one.

NED

(tosses them aside)
He's just getting it out of his
system. Once they say it... they
never do it. You know... like the
President.

ominous
the
There's a KNOCK at the door. They look up to see an
SILHOUETTE of a MAN on the milkglass. Ned starts toward
door. Laura grabs his arm, stopping him.

LAURA

(whispers)
Wait. It might be him.

it
She opens her purse, pulls out a big COLT .45, holding
out to him. Ned stares at it, taken aback.

NED

Where did you get that?

LAURA

(as if obvious)
From my purse.

NED

What are you doing with it?

LAURA

(still obvious)
Handing it to you.

NED

Jeez, Laura, what do you use a gun for?

LAURA

You shoot it. A bullet comes out. Gosh, Ned, after all your years as a cop, I'd think you'd know these things.

NED

Laura... put the gun away.

He hands the gun back to her... goes to the door...
opens
flowers.
it. There's a young DELIVERY MAN holding a bouquet of

DELIVERY MAN

(checks card)
Flowers for Ned Rav...
(looks up)
Hey... aren't you that lawyer guy?
Man, you are dead meat!

Ned grabs the flowers, slams the door. Laura takes the envelope from the flowers... opens it.

LAURA

Is this another sick joke from Max Shady?

She looks at the card... her expression turning cold.

NED

What is it...?

LAURA

(hands it to him)
Lola Cain.

She grabs the flowers... takes them into the bathroom.

LAURA

I'll put these in water for you.

Ned opens the envelope. An audio cassette drops into
his
hand. Written on the label: PLAY ME.

From the bathroom, we hear the LOUD SOUND of a TOILET
FLUSHING.

INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT

It's raining. Ned pops the cassette into the tape
player.

LOLA'S VOICE

Ned, darling... I know this seems
like a strange way to talk with you...
but since you won't take my calls, I
have no other choice.

(then suddenly)

Watch it! That red car's turning
left!

Ned swerves to avoid a collision, HONKING his horn.

LOLA'S VOICE

I love you, Ned. We're meant to be
together... forever.

(then suddenly)

The light's changing! Floor it! Go!
Go! Go!

Ned guns it!... accelerating through a yellow light.

LOLA'S VOICE

Nice move!

(then sincere again)

Nothing can keep us apart, Ned. Not
even your wife. I'd hate to have to
tell her about us, but if necessary...
I will.

We see HEADLIGHTS behind Ned's car.

INT. LOLA'S CAR - NIGHT

She is following him, her eyes intense, obsessed. Dizzy
sits
in the back seat, noodling softly on his saxophone.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ned steps into the living room carrying the box. Lana
comes
down the stairs, pulling on a bathrobe.

LANA

What happened to you last night?

NED

(guilty as charged)
Why? What have you heard?

LANA

(sarcastic)
You could have called. But then, I suppose you were tied up.

NED

(reflecting back)
Only part of the time.

LANA

I never know when you're coming home, Ned. How can I ever make any plans?

In the b.g., through the window, WE SEE Frank drop from the second floor, right onto the seat of a waiting motorcycle.

He ZOOMS OFF into the night.

Ned steps up behind Lana, slips his arms around her.

NED

I promise I'll spend more time with you. I know it's been rough, being alone so much. But I'll make it up to you. Maybe we should try again, you know... to have a baby.

She rolls her eyes at this... changes the subject.

LANA

So what's in the box?

NED

Oh... I brought you a present!

He hands it to her. She opens it, looks in. She looks up, struggling unsuccessfully to hide a look of displeasure.

LANA

What is it?

NED

It's... sorta like a cat.

She Ned pulls out a PET SKUNK and puts it in Lana's lap.
forces a weak smile.

LANA

Not enough like a cat.

NED

It's a little skunk. I got it at
Birds-and-Skunks-R-Us.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

staring Lola stands in the pouring rain outside, drenched...
at Lana and Ned through the window.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

NED

So... what're you going to name him?

LANA

How about... Ned?

NED

(thinks about it)

Yeah. Got a nice ring to it. I've
always liked the name Ned.

LANA

No kidding.

He puts his arms around them both.

NED

So whatdya think? You love Ned Junior
as much as you love me?

LANA

At least.

dropping The phone RINGS. Lana stands up, unceremoniously
the Skunk into Ned's arms. She goes into...

THE ADJOINING ROOM

...to answer the phone.

LANA

Hello?... Hello?... Hello?
(then, whispering)
Frank? Is that you?

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

Lola is in a glass telephone booth with venetian blinds and a ceiling fan. She cracks the blinds open. In the background, through a window, we can see Lana in the house on the phone.

LANA

(filtered)
I told you not to call. Frank? FRANK!

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ned enters the cavernous marble rotunda, turns down a hallway crowded with milling attorneys and defendants. Lola suddenly intercepts him... a newspaper trailing from her high heel shoe.

LOLA

Who's Frank?

NED

Frank? The only Frank I know is an auto mechanic... but I sure as hell wouldn't recommend the guy. He's really slow.

He starts to move off, but she stops him, impassioned.

LOLA

I had to see you, Ned. I need to feel your arms around me! I wanna suck your toes til the nails pop off!

Lola's voice ECHOES. BYSTANDERS gather, listening. Ned looks around self-consciously, embarrassed.

NED

I told you, what happened was a big mistake. A one night stand. It's over. I have a wife...

WOMAN The CROWD presses closer... not missing a thing. A
snaps a FLASH PICTURE! A MAN turns on his video camera.

LOLA

It doesn't matter. She'll know all
about us soon anyway. I want YOU! In
my bed... in my arms... in MEEEEEEEE!

for Mortified, Ned spins on his heels and makes a bee-line
tickets. the safety of the Men's Room. Lola holds up two

LOLA

I got us tickets to see Iron
Butterfly!

NED

I hate opera!

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

ARUGULA, Ned bursts in, goes to the urinal... not noticing BEN
urinal an older gentleman in a business suit, standing at the
next to him. A beat later... Lola enters.

LOLA

Why are you running from me? Didn't
it mean ANYTHING to you?... buffing
my buns with carnuba wax?

(looks down)

Come on, Neddy-poo. Doesn't Mr. Pokey
want to go exploring?

NED

He's busy right now.

Arugula glances sideways at Ned, curious and uneasy.

NED

Look, I told you... Mr. Pokey made a
big mistake! One lousy mistake in
his whole stinkin' life! So why don't
you give him a BREAK! Besides... he
belongs to my wife!

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

BANG!...

Lana FIRES her gun rapidly... BANG! BANG! BANG!
over her shoulder, behind her back, under her leg.

ANGLE ON TARGET

trademark
through

A full-body cut-out of a man, wearing one of Ned's
gray suits. A HUGE SMOKING HOLE has been blown right
the crotch! Lana smirks, inhales the SMOKE from the gun
barrel... and blows it out.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

"ARS
looking
Laura

TILT DOWN from an official government seal that reads
GRATIA ARTIS." JUDGE Ben Arugula... the distinguished
gentleman from the men's room, sits on the bench. Ned,
and a SLIMY DEFENDANT stand at the defense table.

JUDGE ARUGULA

I'd like to congratulate Mr. Pokey
for setting yet another unusual legal
precedent. This is the first time
I've ever tried a case in which the
JURY was found to be insane.

ANGLE - JURY AND BAILIFF

JURORS.

The BAILIFF is handing out straitjackets to all the
The Jury Foreman struggles to get his on and laced up.

BAILIFF

(to another Juror)
What're you? A thirty-eight long?

BACK TO JUDGE ARUGULA

JUDGE ARUGULA

The jury will be remanded to the
Center For Unclear Thinking in Simi
Valley. Court's adjourned.

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

The JURY is led from the courtroom in straitjackets and
chains. Ned and Laura follow them out.

NED

Your BIRTHDAY! Today? Why didn't you tell me?

LAURA

It's not important. I just had one last year.

NED

Well, I'm taking you out to celebrate!

In the b.g. the Slimy Defendant pulls a gun and forces CITIZENS... including Judge Arugula... up against the

wall,

robbing them!

LAURA

Oh no no! It's no big thing. I'll have another one sometime.

NED

I insist. And I want to get you a nice present.

LAURA

You're so sweet. You don't have to. You gave me a present last year. Those lovely Ginzu knives.

NED

Yeah... aren't they great! They last forever. And you can cut right through a shoe with 'em!

As they walk off, we HOLD ON a CLOSE SHOT of a newspaper.

RAVINE!

psychotic

Hawaiian

with the

The headline reads: EX-CON STALKS COP/LAWYER NED
Below it is a picture of Max Shady, eyes wide with rage... a huge cigar in his mouth, wearing a garish shirt.

Hands lower the newspaper... revealing Max himself, same cigar, shirt and crazed look on his face.

INT. LE MISS FASHION BOUTIQUE - DAY - MONTAGE

She

Laura models hats... each one becoming more outrageous.

hats... coaxes Ned into joining her. They BOTH try on WOMEN'S smiling and laughing... as "Brown Eyed Girl" plays. In one of the mirrors, we SEE Max Shady's reflection... as he also tries on women's hats, watching them, puffing his cigar.

INT. LE HULA BOWL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

each Laura wears a baseball cap with beer cans attached to reads side with long, curved plastic straws. The cap emblem beams. "BEER BIMBO." A price tag hangs from it. She is beaming.

they In the b.g., Hawaiian DANCERS juggle flaming torches as dance around an ICE SCULPTURE of a Hula Dancer.

NED

It's nice to be off the streets...
away from all the pain and misery
out there.

sticking Ned motions casually toward the world "out there"... his thumb into the eye of a WAITER who is bending over to pick up a spoon, setting off a chaotic CHAIN REACTION of small disasters that finally culminates with someone near the dance floor bumping into the Torch Juggler, throwing his rhythm off.

Distracted, he starts catching the FLAMING ENDS of the torches! OW! OH! YI! OUCH! YIPES!

politely He drops them all. The Waiter who bumped into him, picks up one of the flaming torches and hands it back to the Torch Juggler. He grabs the flaming end of the torch... and lets out a SCREAM!

He lunges toward a voluptuous HULA GIRL ICE SCULPTURE,

grabbing the frozen breasts. His burned hands SIZZLE!

Ned and Laura don't even notice... gazing only at each other.

LAURA (V.O.)

What's he thinking when he looks at me with that goofy smile...?

NED (V.O.)

Boy, does she look stupid in that hat.

LAURA (V.O.)

If I told him how I really feel, he'd probably fire me. What am I saying? He probably doesn't even know I exist.

NED (V.O.)

Laura's incredible. And so smart. Smart enough to recognize that Ginzu knives are the gift of a lifetime.

(then, concerned)

But she never goes out with guys. I wonder why?

LAURA (V.O.)

I guess I'll just have to wait. But he's married. I could wait forever. Than again... maybe Lana will get hit by a runaway truck. There's always a chance that...

NED (V.O.)

(interrupting)

But who cares if she... Oh, sorry.

LAURA (V.O.)

That's alright. I was just rambling.

NED (V.O.)

Go ahead...

LAURA (V.O.)

No, no, really... you first...

NED (V.O.)

I insist... please...

LAURA

Oh, uh... I just wanted to remind

you about...

NED

...the Legal Symposium...

LAURA

...in Santa Barbara...

NED

...tomorrow...

NED & LAURA

(in unison)

..."How To Sue Your Loved Ones."

NED

Yeah. I'm driving up in the morning.

ANGLE - MAX SHADY

hat
Roasted
takes a
sits at a corner table wearing a chic beret from the
store, voraciously devouring a huge Hawaiian Pit
Pig. He wrenches the apple from the Pig's mouth...
huge bite!

BACK TO NED AND LAURA

up, his
locked on
bar,
of
smiles,
A saxophone begins to wail "Lola's Theme." Ned looks
eyes drawn to the lounge. He sees...
Lola... striking a sexy pose on a bar stool, eyes
Ned. Dizzy walks thru, behind the bar, playing his sax.
She grabs a handful of cherries from a glass on the
shoves them in her mouth, cheeks bulging, tongue moving
furiously. A moment later, she pulls out a long chain
inter-locked cherry stems.
Ned reacts, shaken, glancing nervously at Laura. She
unaware. His eyes flash back to Lola.

LAURA (V.O.)

He's so cute. He can't even look me
in the eye.

Ned's reacts intensely to...

LOLA - NED'S POV

series
handed...
She stretches out sensuously on the bar, executing a
of humanly impossible erotic gymnastic positions! Then,
wrapping her legs around a brass pole, she spins no-
until her thighs begin to SMOKE!

REVERSE ANGLE - ON ENTIRE ROOM

Lola!
The eyes of every MALE in the restaurant are riveted on

CLOSER ON NED AND LAURA

sliding
Ned's
The table starts to rise slowly on Ned's side, glasses
toward Laura. She reaches out to stop them... noticing
distracted expression.

LAURA

(touching his arm)
What is it, Ned? You can tell me.

NED

(sighs, reluctant)
I'm a man, Laura. And all men feel
passion at one time or another. Even
me.

LAURA

(hopeful)
Really?

NED

What would you think of a married
man who gave in to those wild,
sensual, raging desires?

LAURA

Oh... wow... golly...

Dancers
She gulps, eyes wide. The DRUMS pound faster as the
in the b.g. pick up the frenetic tempo!

NED

What if, for just one crazy moment,
he couldn't resist...? He got knocked
for a loop and lost control?

LAURA

(smiles, eager)
Gosh... that might be okay.

DRUMS
Breathless, she breaks a sweat, gasping for air. The
beat LOUDER, FASTER. The b.g. Dancers whip into a
frenzy!

NED

What if a tidal wave of lust crashed
over him and he was sucked into a
vortex of wild, thrashing urges?

Both of Laura's ballcap beer cans EXPLODE! Beer SPRAYS
out
in a huge gush, drenching her! Ned is so preoccupied
with
his own dilemma, he doesn't even notice. He heaves a
sigh...
pats her hand... smiles philosophically.

NED

Well... it's not your problem. I'll
work it out.

ANGLE - AN ICE PICK

grasped tightly in Lola's hand. She walks toward Ned
and
Laura, a seething rage in her eyes.
As she passes the ice sculpture, she stabs the ice pick
into
the crystalline Hula Dancer's neck! The head breaks
off. She
catches it and keeps coming, tossing the head casually
in
one hand, like a basketball.
Lola appears suddenly at Ned and Laura's table. They
look
up.

LOLA

(to Laura)
Like some ice for your drink?

glass to She drops the ice Mermaid head. It shatters Laura's bits! Lola turns to Ned with a cold glare.

LOLA

Does your wife know you're...
"working" late? I certainly hope so,
Mr. Ravine.

then She lights her cigarette with the ice pick lighter,
right flips it like a jackknife. It STICKS into Ned's chair,
between his legs.

exits. Lola flashes a coldly arrogant smile at Laura... then

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

screwdriver in Frank opens the hood to Ned's car, holding a
where to one hand... a wrench in the other. He doesn't know
start.

CLOSE ANGLE - MAX SHADY'S FEET - MORNING

Shady's A NEWSBOY tosses a folded newspaper. It lands at Max
says: feet. Max picks up the paper, opens it. The headline
looks SHADY READS NEWSPAPER IN FRONT OF RAVINE RESIDENCE! Max
around self-consciously, eyes shifting uneasily.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - MORNING

Ned. Lana stands by the front door. She calls upstairs to

LANA

Hurry up, darling. You'll be late!

his Frank slips in, wearing his greasy overalls. He wipes
hands on a rag... giving Lana a sly wink.

FRANK

(whispering)

It's all taken care of. When do I
knock on the door?

LANA

Wait until I signal you. When I raise
the blinds... you knock.

knocks. She steps over to the blinds and demonstrates. He

LANA

Not now!

FRANK

Oh, later... right... okay.

Skunk,
suit. She nods, patronizing. Frank exits. Lana picks up the
cuddling him. Ned comes down wearing his trademark gray
Lana kisses him passionately... a final farewell.

LANA

Drive carefully, sweetheart. Say bye-
bye to Little Ned. He loves his
daddy... don't you Stink Pot?

NED

(pets the skunk)
See you tonight, Junior.

and
O.C. As soon as Ned closes the door, Lana's smile vanishes
she casually tosses the Skunk aside with a LOUD CRASH

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MORNING

hood. Ned turns the car key. Nothing. He gets out, opens the
He stares... dumbfounded.

INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING

Ned comes in, visibly upset. Lana acts surprised.

LANA

What's wrong?

NED

This neighborhood is getting worse
all the time! Damn kids stole my
engine!

LANA

Why don't you catch the train to Santa Barbara? It leaves in twenty minutes.

NED

I'll just fly up.

LANA

No!

Ned looks at her strangely. She catches herself.

LANA

I mean... you can't. Armed terrorists seized the airport this morning. A plane crashed into the tower... and all the runways are on fire!

NED

Yeah. So?

LANA

And it's fogged in.

NED

(disappointed)

Dammit.

LANA

For my peace of mind... take the train.

Lana goes to the window, starts to raise the blinds.

NED

I can't do it. You know how I feel about riding trains.

She stops... letting the blinds drop down.

LANA

Darling... it's only a short trip.

NED

(reconsiders)

Yeah... right. A short trip.

She starts to raise the blinds again. He picks up the phone.

NED

(he hesitates)
A short trip to hell in a metal tomb!

He slams the receiver down. Lana drops the blinds
again...

LANA

Just because both your parents died
in a train wreck...

NED

And my brother, Jeff...

LANA

And your brother, Morty...

NED

My two sisters...

LANA

Right...

NED

My best friend, Al... my dog, Woof...
Grandma Rose... and Uncle Lionel.
All killed by trains!

LANA

(very convincing)
Coincidence, Ned. Beside... that's
the past. They're gone.

NED

(sighs, resigned)
Yeah. I guess I can't bring them
back by not riding on a train.

LANA

That's right.

She starts to raise the blinds again...

NED

But I just can't get over this stupid
nagging fear that...

She abandons the blinds, leaving them raised part
way...

LANA

Fear! What about our baby, Ned? I
don't want to raise a child in a

home filled with fear!

the
pretends
There's a KNOCK at the door. Lana tugs on the cord and
blinds drop with a CRASH. The KNOCKING stops. She
it didn't even happen, racing on.

LANA

But if you can conquer your fear...
maybe I can conquer my fear of having
a baby with a father who's fearful.

(goes for broke)

Ned... don't let a train kill our
child before it's even conceived!

NED

(heaves a sigh)

I guess you're right.

She grabs the cord, then hesitates...

LANA

You're sure now...?

A beat. He nods. She quickly pulls the blinds up.

NED

But we'll never make it to the
station. By the time a cab gets
here...

Frank.
A LOUD KNOCK at the front door. Lana opens it. It's

FRANK

I was in the neighborhood. Thought
I'd stop by and pick up my tools.

LANA

Frank will drive you. Won't you Frank?

FRANK

Sure, I'll take you to the train
station.

completely
out why
They all freeze. Lana glares at Frank, who is
unaware of his faux pas... while Ned tries to figure
that response didn't sound right.

INT. FRANK'S VAN - DAY

They climb into the van. Ned nervously checks his watch.

NED

Twelve minutes. We'll never make it.

EXT. FRANK'S VAN - DAY

The CAMERA BOOMS DOWN LOW to reveal Max Shady under the van, hanging on like a leech, his back only inches from the road. The van drives off.

INT. FRANK'S VAN - MINUTES LATER

At an intersection... they see a "DETOUR" sign. Frank and Lana exchange concerned looks. Frank turns the corner. The van starts vibrating violently, tossing them around.

NED

(checks his watch)
We're not going to make it.

FRANK

We'll make it!

He shifts gears, guns the engine. They rocket ahead, BOUNCING WILDLY, their heads THUMPING the car roof! The van SPLASHES through deep water, a huge fantail spraying out on both sides.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

The train is pulling in. The CAMERA PANS to Frank's muddy van as it drives up nearby. Frank waits in the van as Ned and Lana get out and walk toward the train.

They pass a feeble OLD WOMAN struggling to drag a HUGE STEAMER TRUNK along the platform... inches at a time. A REDCAP passes her also, carrying a small overnight case for an attractive,

Woman. elegantly attired SOCIALITE. Everyone ignores the Old

Ned looks nervously at the train, already pale.

LANA

Okay... now what're you going to do if you feel queasy going through the tunnel?

NED

I'll stand in the vestibule between the cars.

LANA

That's right. When you get queasy... go stand in the vestibule between the cars.

Her She kisses his cheek. He reluctantly boards the train.
smile vanishes.

the She hurries back to the next car, nods at Frank, boards
train. Frank peels off his coveralls, follows her on.

ANGLE - COACH PLATFORM

deflated Laura's Husband steps from the train, holding the
toward Ninja Turtle float ring. He looks around, then walks
ON... the cab stand. The CAMERA MOVES with him, then HOLDS

MAN READING NEWSPAPER - TIGHT SHOT

RAVINE! The headline says: SHADY VOWS BLENDER VENGEANCE ON
bloody, Under the headline is a picture of Max Shady... muddy,
greasy, clothes ripped, cigar shredded... looking off.
looking The paper lowers, revealing Max... a battered mess,
toward off. He picks up a small violin case and quickly moves
the train as it starts to pull out.

out, We now SEE that the seat of Max's pants has been ripped

road. his naked buttocks scratched and scraped raw by the

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

Ned stares out the window... apprehensive, nervous.
They Frank and Lana enter at the opposite end of the coach.
observe spot Ned, quickly ducking into a seat where they can
seatbacks. him yet remain hidden from view behind the tall

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

puffing Max walks through the car looking for Ned. He pauses,
shocked on his big cigar. A WOMAN PASSENGER looks up and is
away. to see Max's scraped bare butt hanging out only inches

WOMAN PASSENGER

OH! My dear gracious!

behind Max swivels around to look at her... turning his bare
toward an IRRITABLE MAN across the aisle.

IRRITABLE MAN

SIR! Would you PLEASE extinguish
that foul smelling cigar?

MAX

(turning slowly)
You want me to put out my CIGAR? YOU
want me to put out my cigar? You
want ME to put out my CIGAR?

IRRITABLE MAN

Yeah.

MAX

Certainly.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

stopping Max enters through the vestibule, without his cigar,
then in his tracks when he sees Ned. He smiles to himself,

ducks back into the lavatory.

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

opens
gray
Max looks at himself in the mirror. He's a disaster. He
the violin case, pulling out his trademark "Ned Ravine"
suit on a hangar. It's not even wrinkled.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

lurch
to
inch,
Ned looks pale... sweating... reacting tensely to every
and bump the train makes. The feeble Old Woman strains
pull her huge steamer trunk down the aisle, inch by
toward Ned.

ANGLE ON FRANK AND LANA

smile.
Lana peers over the seat, watching Ned with a cruel

LANA

It's already getting to him. He'll
be out of that seat and into the
vestibule within ten minutes... I
guarantee it.

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

his
his
Max is cleaned up, dressed in the suit. He straightens
tie, slicks his greasy hair back, sticks a big cigar in
mouth and grins at himself in the mirror.

MAX

You talkin' to me? You talkin' to
ME? You... talkin'... to... ME?

CLICK...
He reaches into the violin case, pulls out a complex
assortment of metal parts, assembling them swiftly.

tech,
SNAP... CLUNK! It's an incredibly nasty looking high-
automatic weapon with gigantic cartridge clip.

He screws on a long silencer and points the gun at the

him.
the

ceiling. POOF!... a muffled gunshot! Debris fall around
He looks up. He has blown a HOLE through the roof of
coach.

scale
DEAD
there is
ceiling.

He adjusts the Silencer Volume Control, which has a
from 1 thru 11. He turns it all the way down to "0"..
SILENT. He pulls the trigger. The gun RECOILS, but
absolutely NO SOUND! He has blown another HOLE in the

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

all
big,
over.

Ned looks across the aisle to see a GROSS SLOB pulling
kinds of strange food items from a paper bag, making a
sloppy, disgusting SANDWICH that squirts and drips all
Ned turns away... really queasy now.

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

plugs it
wickedly.

Max reaches into the case, pulls out A BLENDER! He
into the outlet and REVS it a couple times, grinning

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

coming
slides
cars.

Max steps out of the lavatory and sees the CONDUCTOR
his way collecting tickets. He quickly spins around,
the door open and steps into the vestibule between

climbs
her.

The Conductor can't get past the Old Woman, so he
over the top of her trunk, with no thought of helping

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

weapon

Max looks out the side window, trying to conceal the
in front of him. The Conductor enters, sees him.

CONDUCTOR

Ticket?

shoulder.
barrel.

Without turning, Max holds the ticket up over his
The Conductor takes it, punches it, notices the gun

CONDUCTOR

Sorry pal... automatic weapons are
only allowed in the club car after
nine p.m.

Conductor
gun.

Max turns, raising the gun with a nasty GROWL. The
casually snaps a baggage tag to the barrel, taking the

CONDUCTOR

I'll check it with baggage. You can
claim it at the depot in Santa
Barbara.

along
whirls
what?

The Conductor drops the weapon into a big mesh bag...
with a dozen other guns he's collected. He exits. Max
around facing the window, eyes filled with rage. Now

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

front of
water
JEFF

A gun barrel slowly protrudes between the seats in
Frank and Lana. Their eyes widen. Suddenly, a stream of
hits Frank in the face! He sputters. A LITTLE KID named
scrambles into the aisle.

JEFF

Hi! I'm Jeff and I'm eight years
old. Didja know if ya put a penny on
the track it'll make the train crash?
No kiddin'! You ever been in a wreck?
My uncle has. Lotsa times. It's really
neat. Everybody gets creamed! All
bloody guts... heads ripped off and
stuff... Hey... wanna hear my song
"Great Green Gobs of Greasy Grimy
Gopher Guts"?

Lana turns to Frank... inspired. She leans toward Jeff.

LANA

You want to earn a couple bucks,
kid?

ANGLE ON NED

Jeff bounces into the seat across from Ned.

JEFF

Hi! I'm Jeff and I'm eight years
old. Didja know if ya put a penny on
the track it'll make the train crash?

ANGLE ON FRANK AND LANA

Lana peers over the seat at Ned. She smiles.

LANA

He's losing it. You better get up to
the next car. Remember, give me the
high sign as soon as you see the
river. It'll be two minutes and nine
seconds past the tunnel. I'll take
care of the rest. Anything goes
wrong... just make sure you back me
up.

(grabs his collar)

And don't let him see you.

Ned. He
struggling to
over

Frank gets up, moves down the aisle slowly, eyes on
can't squeeze past the Old Woman, who is still
pull her huge trunk down aisle. So... he climbs right
the top of it... oblivious to her.

Jeff

Frank stares at Ned warily as he gets closer. Suddenly,
squirts a stream of water in Ned's eyes. Frank sees his
chance, rushing past Ned toward the vestibule.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

the

Frank races through the vestibule behind Max's back. By
time Max turns to see who's there... Frank is gone.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

the
Ned wipes the water from his eyes, blinking. He grabs
squirt gun away from Jeff, holding it up angrily.

NED

This... is not a toy!

JEFF

Yes it is.

the
it
A beat. Ned realizes he's right. Acting tough, he pulls
plug and drains the water out of the gun, then tosses
back to Jeff.

magazine
loading a
Without missing a beat, Jeff drops the empty water
from the grip and jams a full one in... just like
cartridge clip. He smirks, ready for action.

trunk
at
face
In the aisle next to them, the Old Woman now pulls her
back toward the vestibule. Jeff points the squirt gun
her. Suddenly, she whips around and SQUIRTS HIM in the
with her own squirt gun! He sputters!

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

the
trying to
Max stares out the window, still seething. Behind him,
Old Woman moves into the vestibule, inch by inch,
drag her trunk into the first coach car.

Max turns, sees her struggling and goes to her aid.

MAX

Here... let me help you with that.

sweetly at
He pushes the trunk into the first coach car, then very
politely holds the door open for her. She smiles
him as she shuffles through.

OLD WOMAN

What a nice young man. You are so
polite.

MAX

(smiles)

I try to be.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

Jeff is SINGING to Ned... to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare."

JEFF

Great green gobs of greasy, grimy
gopher guts... mutilated monkey
meat... chopped up dirty birdie's
feet... one pint jar of all-purpose
porpoise pus... cooked in a Mulligan
stew.

Ned turns queasy. The train lurches. He stiffens.

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

The Old Woman has unpacked her huge trunk. She has hung
up
clothes... set out a vase with flowers... hung up a big
framed
painting... and turned on a floor lamp. She pulls out a
set
of dumbbells, pumps them a couple times... and drops
them on
the floor with a loud CLUNK!

Frank watches her from his seat across the aisle with a
blank
expression... only his eyes moving.

The Conductor punches the Old Woman's ticket, then
holds out
his hand, waiting. She pulls out a Smith & Wesson .44
an
Magnum... drops it in his bag. He waits. She pulls out
Uzi.

EXT. THE TRACKS AHEAD - MOVING SHOT - DAY

Up ahead, we see a tunnel approaching.

OMIT

Sequence omitted from original script.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

JEFF

(still singing)

French fried eyeballs and ugly scabs
you wanna pick... stuff to make your
mother sick... dog poop on a stick...
puke and snot all mixed together in
a pot...

jumps

Ned is looking very pale and queasy. Suddenly, Jeff
up... presses his face against the window.

JEFF

Oh boy! Here comes the tunnel!

sweating.

Ned can't take it anymore. He gets up, pale and

EXT. TRACKS AHEAD - MOVING SHOT - DAY

...racing toward the tunnel!

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

toward

Lana sees Ned stumble shakily into the aisle, moving
the vestibule.

LANA

Way to go, Ned. Right on time.

BLACK. A

emerge

down the

The train enters the TUNNEL. Everything goes PITCH
few beats, then... LIGHT fills the car again as they
from the tunnel. Lana looks. Ned is gone! She heads
aisle.

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

comes

automatic

shotgun...

The Conductor is still tagging weapons as the Old Woman
up with a Ruger Mini 14 machine gun, a Mauser C96
handgun, a sawed-off double-barreled .12 gauge
and an old wooden slingshot.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

and
leaning
Lana looks through the small window into the vestibule
catches a glimpse of a gray suit. She ducks back,
against the lavatory door.

INT. LAVATORY - THE MIRROR - DAY

He
queasiness.
Ned's dripping face rises up from the sink into view.
splashes more water on, trying to overcome his

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

her
Lana reaches into her purse, pulls out a gun. She looks
through the vestibule windows into the first coach car,
eyes searching for Frank.

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - LANA'S POV - DAY

Lana.
Frank pokes his head out into the aisle, looking toward
He waves at her.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

door...
Lana ducks back, pressing herself against the lavatory
gripping the gun, tense.

INT. LAVATORY - DAY

violin
Then,
Ned starts to open the door, then stops. He notices the
case. Opens it. A couple of bullets roll around inside.
he sees the blender... puzzled.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

windows,
Lana leans forward, looking through the vestibule
watching desperately for Frank's signal.

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

Frank looks out the window and sees...

EXT. THE RIVER - FRANK'S POV

It looms ahead.

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

pulls Lana sees Frank's frantic signal. She raises the gun,
the hammer back and steps quickly into...

INT. THE VESTIBULE - DAY

Max hears someone enter. He stiffens...

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

Ned steps out of the lavatory.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

window Lana FIRES!... blowing a hole right through Max and the
BLAM! behind him! She keeps firing! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM! More bullets than the gun could ever possibly
hold!

INT. SECOND COACH CAR - DAY

the Ned hears the GUNSHOTS and whirls around, looking into
vestibule through the glass window, just as...

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

holes. ...Max turns to face Lana, filled with bloody bullet

MAX

You shootin' at me?

bullets Shocked to see it's Max, Lana empties the rest of the
into him... BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Max is SLAMMED back
into the vestibule door by the impact!

MAX

Yeah... you're definitely shootin'
at me.

She fires one last shot... BLAM!!!

EXT. TRAIN ON BRIDGE - DAY

gainer
Olympic
the

Max flies out the door, executing a perfect "full with a triple twist and a half-tuck"... a flawless style dive... ending with a dead body "belly flop" into water!

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

"WHOOO!"
himself.

Frank sees Max hit the river and lets out a loud
The Old Woman shoots him a nasty look. He stifles

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

Lana. In
the
from

Ned slides the vestibule door open... steps toward a daze, she raises the gun, points it at him, pulling trigger... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK. He takes the gun from her gently.

INT. FIRST COACH CAR - DAY

seeing

Frank jumps up, rushing forward. He skids to a stop...
Ned through the glass! Shocked, he ducks back.

INT. VESTIBULE - DAY

NED

In this crazy world, there's not a whole lot a guy can count on. But when the chips are down, I can always count on you.

He takes her hand gently and kisses it...

NED

You risked your life to save mine. A guy can't ask any more from a woman than that.

... then, CLICK! He snaps a handcuff on her wrist!

NED

But I saw you shoot him, Lana. In cold blood. I gotta arrest you for

murder.

LANA

Ned... you wouldn't...

NED

Sorry. I'm a cop. I have a job to do.

LANA

But... you said it yourself. I saved your life.

NED

Don't worry, baby. I know a good lawyer.

SPINNING NEWSPAPER

upside
reads:

whirls at us, snapping to a stop in someone's hands...
down. The hands turn it rightside up. The headline

**"COP ARRESTS WIFE FOR MURDER!... WILL DEFEND HER IN
COURT!"**

REVERSE ANGLE

smile.

The paper lowers, revealing Lola Cain with a gratified

EXT. CITY JAIL - DAY

REPORTERS and

Ned and Laura move up the steps, surrounded by
MEDIA PEOPLE. Questions are being fired from all sides.

REPORTER #1

What kind of gun did she use?

NED

That's a question for the arresting officer.

REPORTER #2

Aren't you the arresting officer?

NED

You'll have to ask her attorney.

REPORTER #1

But aren't you her attorney?

NED

Only her husband can answer that.

REPORTER #3

What will Mrs. Ravine be wearing at the trial?

Ned stops at the top of the stairs, turning to the Reporters.

NED

A lovely powder blue dress with a cinch waist, full bodice and a delicately pleated skirt.

REPORTER #3

Does it have a matching jacket?

NED

No comment.

REPORTER #3

Is it cotton or rayon?

NED

(perturbed)

I said... NO COMMENT!

Ned and Laura turn and enter the building.

REPORTER #1

(calling out)

Did she eat any of the victim's body parts?

INT. CITY JAIL BUILDING - ENTRY CORRIDOR - DAY

NED

Jeez... they're really throwing some tough questions out there today.

LAURA

They're just doing their job.

NED

Yeah... well I call it a "high-tech lynching of an uppity white housewife."

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - DAY

armed
In the
animal

It's huge, dark and shadowy. More than a dozen heavily
POLICE OFFICERS stand guard all around the perimeter.
center is a cell constructed of iron bars, like an
cage. Ned and Laura enter. Arch steps over.

NED

(seeing the cage)
What's this?

ARCH

Only cell available. They had that
serial killer locked up here... you
know, the one who talks his victims
to death then eats them... Hannibal
the Lecturer. But they let him out
for a three week tour to publicize
his new book.

Arch hands him a hardbound book.

NED

(reading the cover)
"To Serve Man."

ARCH

It's a cookbook.

Ned flips it over.

ANGLE - THE BOOK - NED'S POV

wearing
mouth.

On the back is a picture of HANNIBAL THE LECTURER...
a baseball catcher's mask with barbed wire over the

BACK TO SCENE

ARCH

And look, look... he autographed it.

Arch pulls the front cover of the book open, pointing.

NED

(reads it)
To Arch... Love to have you for dinner
sometime... Hannibal.
(hands it back)

Very nice.

Arch points toward the cage.

ARCH

They're waiting for ya. They didn't want to start without her attorney being present.

CLOSE ON LANA - CANTED ANGLE

SLOWLY. There's a BIG MOTH on her mouth. The CAMERA PULLS BACK
A beat... she spits the moth off, irritated.

LANA

PPFFTT! Damn moths! This place could use a good exterminator.

table. Three POLICE INVESTIGATORS sit opposite Lana at a long
Moths flutter everywhere.

INVESTIGATOR # 2

(to Police Guard)

Let's get the SWAT Team in here.

Ned, Laura and Arch enter the cage as the Guard exits.

LANA

Can't you get me out of this cage, Ned? I'm goin' buggy in here.

NED

Judge said no bail. Don't worry. Just tell the truth, you'll be fine.

He turns to the Investigators.

NED

Who's gonna handle the interrogation?

INVESTIGATOR 1

It's your collar... your bust... your call... your show... your play... your move... your wife...

NED

Okay, okay!... I'll handle it.

notebook. Laura sits at the far end of the table and opens her

lipstick. Lana pulls out her mirrored compact, starts to apply

INVESTIGATOR 2

Sorry Mrs. Ravine... there's no makeup allowed in this building.

LIPSTICK He nods toward a warning sign: a circle around a
confident. with a diagonal line thru it. She responds, cool,

LANA

What're you gonna do... arrest me for primping?

at In the b.g., members of the SWAT Team desperately swat
the fluttering moths.

leans on Ned spins his chair around, plants one foot on it,
his knee, looking hard at Lana.

NED

Don't give us a tough time. Just spill it! What were you doing on that train?

LANA

Well...

his Ned raises his hand, sits down, leans close, changing
tone.

NED

(confidential)
As your attorney, I must advise you... you don't have to answer that question.

chair Ned stands, paces, agitated... plants his foot on the
again. He leans toward her... getting tough again.

NED

Alright, quit playing games with us!
(fires questions)
Who put ya up to it? Where'd you get the gun? What's your link with the
CIA?

LANA

I...

stop. Ned jumps in, motioning with his hands for this to

NED

Whoa whoa whoa whoa! That's it! I will not tolerate this unwarranted badgering of my client. She'll have her day in court, gentlemen.

He slams his briefcase shut and turns to Lana, sincere.

NED

I want to thank you, Mrs. Ravine, for being so cooperative with these gentlemen.

(turns to Laura)

Did you get all that down, Laura. Every word she said?

LAURA

Yep. Both of 'em.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

back of The CAMERA MOVES IN to a wire mesh cage at the very
is the yard. A small sign on it says: NED JUNIOR. The door
open. The cage is... empty!

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

She Lola rides the roller coaster with Lana's pet Skunk.
LAUGHS maniacally as they plunge down a steep grade!
on the The Skunk stands stiffly on her lap, his paws planted
straight guard rail, eyes bulging out!... his fur standing
up!

INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY

moves Ned hesitates at the front door. It's open a crack. He
coming inside cautiously. There is a strange BUBBLING SOUND

on the
reels!

from the kitchen. He moves toward it... apprehensive.
He enters the kitchen and SEES... a huge bubbling pot
stove, foam spilling over from under the lid! His mind
He charges out the back door.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - DAY

his
POUNDING!

Ned bursts out the back door... CAMERA TRACKING with
feet as he dashes across the huge back yard... MUSIC

fuzzy

He SEES the EMPTY animal cage! The door is open. A
blanket hangs halfway out.

house...

CAMERA

Shocked, Ned spins around... running back toward the
CAMERA TRACKING HIS FEET, struggling to keep up. The
SLAMS into a tree!... CRACKING the LENS!

INT. NED'S HOUSE - THE KITCHEN - DAY

butcher
greet

Ned bursts in... SEES the bubbling pot!... a huge
knife on the counter!... and LOLA, arms outstretched to
him.

NED

NO!

LOLA

Yes.

NED

NOOOOO!

LOLA

Yes!

NED

NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

She whips the cover off the bubbling pot.

LOLA

YES! Cappelini pomodoro!

NED

What?

She lifts up pasta with a spaghetti spoon... tossing a
sprig
of basil into the pot from the basil-leaf crown she
wears.

LOLA

Pasta with tomato sauce. Whatsa matta?
You don't like Italian?

NED

Where's Ned Junior? WHERE IS HE?!

LOLA

I thought he might like to get out,
so I took him to the amusement park.

He grabs Lola's arm and drags her toward the front
door.

NED

You can't just break into my house,
cook my food... borrow my skunk!
(opens the door)
Leave me alone. Stay out of my face!
Out of my neighborhood! Out of my
LIFE!

She steps outside... turns to him.

LOLA

You haven't seen the last of me,
Ned.

He SLAMS the door in her face... hesitates a beat,
curious...
then pulls the door open. Lola's still there.

LOLA

I told you.

Ned SLAMS the door again.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

It's a media circus! Vendors sell "TRIAL BALLOON"
balloons.

CHEERLEADERS

across

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS cluster around a squad of
wearing sweaters emblazoned with "FREE LANA OR BUST!"
their chests.

They perform a rousing CHEER in front of a sign on the
building that reads... "LE COURTHOUSE".

CHEERLEADERS

(with choreography)

Lana, Lana, she's the one
Shot a bad guy with a gun
Blew that sucker off a train
Some guys are a friggin' pain
YaaaaaAAAAAAAY LANA!

A BBC COMMENTATOR speaks to a TV camera.

COMMENTATOR

Once again, Americans are making a
mockery of their courts, turning a
murder trial into a media circus!
How can justice ever prevail when it
is ridiculed and reviled in such a
heinously revolting manner? This is
Clement Von Franckenstein returning
you to our BBC studios in London for
the latest photographs of Lady Di
naked in the bath.

REPORTERS.

Ned and Laura push their way through the crush of

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

their
trial.

Spectators pour through several turnstiles, shoving in
tokens. TV cameras have been set up to broadcast the

checks
their

A UNIFORMED THEATER USHER escorts JURY MEMBERS in,
their tickets, hands them programs and directs them to
seats.

who
pocket
disturbed

Ned and Laura sit at the defense table, next to Lana...
is oblivious to everything, deeply engrossed in a
video game. Ned looks toward the gallery and does a

take.

tailored
SKIN

It's Lola!... sitting in the back row wearing a
suit, large brimmed hat with dark veil... and a SKUNK
STOLE draped around her shoulders!
Dizzy sits next to her, playing softly on a MUTED SAX.

ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH

A SPORTSCASTER delivers play-by-play of the action.

SPORTSCASTER

What a great day for a trial! We
have lots of incandescent lighting,
seventy-two degrees inside... and no
wind!

ANGLE - COURTROOM

BAILIFF

Oy vay! Oy vay! Superior Court of
Los Angeles is now in session. And
here he is... direct from a triumphant
one-week engagement in Las Vegas
Circuit Court... the honorable...
the venerable... the totally
irrepressible... Judge Harlan Skan-
kyyyyyyy!

audience

Flashing "APPLAUSE" signs and flashing "ALL RISE"
prompters. Everyone gives the Judge a standing ovation.

ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH

SPORTSCASTER

Wow... has this defense team been
HOT! Thirty-seven straight victories
this year! Let's go down for the
coin toss.

ANGLE - COURTROOM

The Bailiff flips a coin, motions to the PROSECUTOR.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

The Prosecution wins the flip of the
coin and elects to kick things off.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

The PROSECUTOR delivers her impassioned opening statement.

PROSECUTOR

...the prosecution will prove that this repulsive and degenerate woman coldly murdered a decent, law-abiding citizen...

NED

(jumps up)

Objection! Move to strike. Hearsay, irrelevant, stupid, idiotic, caca-doddy poo-poo...

JUDGE SKANKY

Sustained.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Laura is on the stand. Ned hands her a sheet of paper.

NED

And can you tell us what this is?

LAURA

Yes. It's a death threat that Max Shady FAXED to you on the day he was released from prison.

Ned snatches it back, pacing, folding it into a paper airplane.

NED

A FAX in which he threatened to puree certain parts of my anatomy in a blender! I'd like to submit this into evidence.

PROSECUTOR

(jumps up)

Objection! Who cares about the FAX in this case?

JUDGE SKANKY

I'll allow it.

is at Ned sails the paper plane toward the COURT CLERK, who an evidence table already piled high with tagged guns,

appliances, knickknacks, auto parts and other junk.
The plane sails toward an open window. The Clerk grabs
it... going OUT the window with the plane!

EXT. COURTHOUSE LAWN - DAY

The Cheerleaders lead the SPECTATORS in an exuberant
CHEER.

CHEERLEADERS

U-G-L-Y! You ain't got no alibi!
You're ugly! Yeah, you're ugly! M-A-
M-A! How you think you got that way?
Your Mama! Yeah, your Mama!

In the b.g., the Court Clerk plummets to the ground,
then staggers to his feet, and stumbles... dazed... back
toward the courthouse.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

One of the JURORS watches a "DICK VAN DYKE" re-run on a
small portable TV monitors, oblivious to the testimony. In
the b.g., the battered Clerk stumbles back in with the
paper plane. The Conductor is on the stand. Ned holds up a
BLENDER.

NED

And is this the blender you found in
the lavatory of the train?

CONDUCTOR

Yes... it is.

NED

I'd like this marked as evidence.

The Bailiff reaches out, Ned waves him off... instead,
tossing the blender over several heads to the Court Clerk...
who runs to catch it, CRASHING into the wall. The blender
falls,

SHATTERS.

ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH

SPORTSCASTER

Awwwww... a bad call by Ravine. Let's check out the re-play.

SLOW
and

On the RE-PLAY SCREEN we see the action repeated in MOTION as the Sportscaster draws lines, circles, x's and squiggles.

SPORTSCASTER

Look at THAT! The Bailiff is wide open! But instead of handing it off, Ravine goes for the long bomb. Ohhhh! The pass is wide! A real wobbler! There's no way! He scrambles, but he just can't get his hands on it... And RIGHT THERE!...

(freezes the frame)

...WHAM! That blender is gone!

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

is
magazine.
possible...

At the defense table, Laura glances over at Lana, who casually browsing through a copy of GALS & GUNS
Laura reacts, then, trying to be as diplomatic as possible...

LAURA

Ned... did you ever consider that maybe you don't know women as well as you think you do?

PROSECUTOR (O.S.)

Now would you tell the court, in your own words, what you said to Mr. Ravine?

They both look toward the witness stand. Ned is shaken.

NED

(whispers)

I'm really worried about this guy. He could blow our whole case right out of the water.

ANGLE - WITNESS STAND - MOMENTS LATER

stand. Jeff, the little boy from the train is on the witness

The Prosecutor stands by, listening as...

JEFF

(singing)

Great green gobs of greasy grimy
gopher guts... mutilated monkey
meat... itsy-bitsy birdie feet...
Great green gobs of greasy grimy
gopher guts... and me without a spoon!

bags in The JURORS turn pale and reach for the air sickness
his front of them. The Courtroom erupts. The Judge pounds
gavel LOUDLY.

JEFF

(pointing at Lana)

That lady paid me two bucks to sing
it to him...!

also But NO ONE hears this in all the confusion. The Judge,
looking ill now, bangs his gavel again.

JUDGE SKANKY

Recess! Ten minutes!

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

playing on The Judge, Jury, Attorneys and Spectators are all
blast! the swings, teeter-totters, monkey bars... having a
Ned Ned and the Prosecutor play "dodge-ball." Laura cheers
misses! on. The Prosecutor rockets the ball at Ned... and just

PROSECUTOR

Gotcha, dork face! Gotcha, gotcha!

LAURA

No you didn't!

NED

No way! Uh-uh! Missed by a mile!

loudly! The BAILIFF steps into CLOSE UP, blowing a whistle

BAILIFF

Recess is over! Let's go... move it,
move it, move it!

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH - LATER

Marching band MUSIC fades off-screen.

SPORTSCASTER

There they go... the UCLA Marching
Band! And now... Holy Toledo!... it
looks like the victim's mother...
Helen Shady... is gonna take the
stand! This will be the first
defensive play of the afternoon.

INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME

Mrs. Shady is on the stand. Ned paces.

NED

Mrs. Shady... would you tell us about
your son, Max. Was he a... a good
boy?

MRS. SHADY

He was the best. And that's not just
a mother talking. You can ask anybody.

NED

But he got into trouble once in
awhile... like all kids do?

MRS. SHADY

Well, you know, pranks. Little jokes
and things. But he was so cute. I
have pictures!

photo She reaches down into her huge purse, pulling out a
album. She opens it, showing Ned.

MRS. SHADY

Here. This is when he set the cat on
fire...

(then, assuring him)

Oh... but the cat deserved it.

NED

(looks, points)

And what, uh... what are these...?

MRS. SHADY

Marshmallows. He just loved to toast marshmallows over a roaring cat. Burned on the outside... all soft in the middle.

(turns page)

And right here... this was taken on the day he left the priesthood to join the Green Berets.

ANGLE - THE JURY

necks,
They rise slowly out of their seats, craning their trying to see the photos.

BACK TO SCENE

box,
over
Ned is now seated next to Mrs. Shady in the witness looking at the photo album with her. Judge Skanky peers the side of the bench.

NED

This is cute.

MRS. SHADY

(laughs, delighted)

Oh yes! That was during his Ku Klux Klan phase. He would take the sheets right off my bed... cut those little holes in them. What a stitch he was!

ANGLE - THE SPECTATORS

of
are now on their feet, all straining to catch a glimpse the photos in the album.

BACK TO SCENE

NED

And is this Max... with all the tools... fixing his bike?

She snatches the photo out of the album.

MRS. SHADY

Why that shouldn't even be in there! It's his rotten little half-brother.

(rips up photo)
Stinkin' little pecker... he never
was any good...

ANGLE - BROADCAST BOOTH

broadcast
The Sportscaster is pushing his face against the
booth glass, trying to see what everyone's looking at.

BACK TO SCENE

MRS. SHADY

(points at another)
Oh! I didn't like these neo-Nazi
boys. They were all so fussy and
persnickety about everything. Heil
this and heil that.

(flips the page)
Oh look... here's Max with his
chainsaw. He loved to go to the
national park and cut down those
giant old trees. It made him feel so
patriotic. You know, if he hadn't
been such a successful criminal... I
think he would have been a lumberjack.

moved
Shady's
The Court Clerk, Bailiff and Court Recorder have all
around behind the witness stand, peering over Mrs.
shoulder at the photos.

MRS. SHADY

(tearful, angry)
But now he'll never be anything! Not
since...

(stands up, points)
...that woman, your wife, pulled the
trigger and put my little Max in his
grave!

JUDGE SKANKY

Mrs. Shady! Do not POINT your finger
in my courtroom. It's discourteous,
impolite and disrespectful.

MRS. SHADY

Don't you tell me what to do with my
finger! It's been more places than
you've ever dreamed of!

JUDGE SKANKY

(bangs gavel)

Sit down!

MRS. SHADY

I'll point my finger wherever I want!

stand,
Mrs. Shady goes berserk... leaping from the witness
pointing several different fingers at Judge Skanky.
The Bailiff attempts to restrain her, but she breaks
free...
everyone!

CHAOS prevails!

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Max's
The Irritable Man from the train is on the stand...
huge cigar stuck in his ear! The hair around his ear is
scorched.

NED

Did you encounter the victim... Max
Shady... on board the train?

IRRITABLE MAN

Yeah. And I told him... "this is the
NO SMOKING car! Would you please put
out your damn cigar!"

NED

And is that the cigar in your ear?

his
The Man strains to see the cigar out of the corner of
eye. Impatient, Ned finally holds up a small pocket
mirror.

IRRITABLE MAN

I believe it is.

NED

I'd like the cigar and the head of
this witness entered into evidence.

the
The Bailiff picks up the Irritable Man and dumps him on
evidence table, where he is tagged by the Court Clerk.

NED

The defense calls... Lana Ravine!

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Lana is on the stand. The Bailiff swears her in.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God?

LANA

(looks to Judge)

Do I have to answer that, Harlan?

JUDGE SKANKY

No, no dear. I'll vouch for her.

Ned approaches.

NED

Now, Mrs. Ravine... may I call you Lana?

LANA

No. Call me Angel Tits.

PROSECUTOR

I object!

JUDGE SKANKY

Sustained. Counselor... you will address Angel Tits as Mrs. Ravine.

NED

(after a beat)

Mrs. Ravine... would you please tell the court... what were you doing on that train?

LANA

I saw Max Shady at the station... saw him get on board. I knew he'd made threats to kill you and mutilate your reproductive organs...

doubling
Ned and EVERY MALE in the courtroom winces at this,
over in imagined agony. Lana pauses, then continues...

LANA

...so I got on the train too... so I could warn you.

NED

Do you want to have children?

LANA

Someday. With the right man.

NED

But you couldn't have children if my...

(makes a gesture)

...were...

(another gesture)

...and, uh...

LANA

It would be difficult.

NED

So you followed him, knowing you had to protect me... your husband... your best friend... the man you love... the future father of your children.

LANA

Something like that.

NED

And when you saw that maniac standing in the vestibule, waiting to pulverize my pee-pee... you pulled the gun and fired and fired and FIRED!

LANA

And fired and fired and fired and fired and fired and fired and fired...

She pauses to count off on her fingers, then...

LANA

...and fired and fired and fired.

NED

The defense rests, your Honor.

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

throughout
OF
fruit

The COURTROOM ARTIST has been sketching intensely
the trial. We finally see... he's been sketching a BOWL
FRUIT on the Court Recorder's desk. Ned picks up some
from the bowl and approaches the defense table.

NED

How can you convict a courageous
woman who risked everything to save
the life of her beloved husband? A
woman who acted boldly to stop a
demented maniac from doing THIS!...

demonstration
and

Ned shoves the BANANA and two PLUMS into a
blender on the defense table. He hits the puree button
the blender WHIRRS loudly!

NED

(shouts over)
...pulverizing the private parts of
the man she loves!

expressions,

All MALES in the courtroom react with pained
cringing and doubling-over. Ned turns the blender off.

NED

(directly to Jury)
Lana Ravine is a loving wife and the
potential mother of my potential
child. I challenge YOU to strike a
blow for motherhood and the American
justice system! Put the "con" back
in the Constitution. Put the "ju"
back in jurisprudence. Put the "can"
back in American. And put the "dom"
back in freedom. Find this woman
INNOCENT!... so we can all go to bed
happy tonight!

INT. PRESS ROOM - LATER

DOZEN

A REPORTER opens the door marked PRESS ROOM. Inside, a
REPORTERS press their pants on a dozen ironing boards.

REPORTER

The jury's back!

pants on! The Reporters scramble for the door, pulling their

INT. COURTROOM - LATER

Jurors The CAMERA FOLLOWS a folded piece of paper as the
Bailiff... pass it along to the FOREMAN... who hands it to the
then who hands it to the Judge. He unfolds it, reads it...
She winks flirtatiously at the FEMALE JUROR who wrote it.
blushes.

JUDGE SKANKY

(back to business)
So... has the jury reached a verdict?

JURY FOREMAN

(stands up)
Yes we have, your Honor.

JUDGE SKANKY

How do you find the defendant... on
the count of manslaughter?

JURY FOREMAN

Not guilty.

JUDGE SKANKY

On the count of murder in the first
degree?

JURY FOREMAN

Not guilty.

JUDGE SKANKY

On the Count of Monte Cristo?

JURY FOREMAN

Not guilty.

FLASH A BOISTEROUS CLAMOR in the court. The electronic signs

"NOT GUILTY!"... "NOT GUILTY!"... "NOT GUILTY!"

JUDGE SKANKY

Good. Then on the count of three,
let's all get the hell out of here!
One... two...

hesitates, The Jury and Spectators start to rise. The Judge
gavel poised, shooting them a warning look.

JUDGE SKANKY

Wait... for... it...

Everyone FREEZES halfway out of their seats... waiting.

JUDGE SKANKY

Two and a half... THREE!

but He smacks his gavel. Everyone scatters for the doors,
Judge Skanky beats them out of the room.

plucks Lana turns cool, dropping her courtroom facade. She
reaches off her earrings, unbuttons the neck of her dress,
in and magically pulls out her bra, tossing it away.

LANA

Well, counselor, looks like you won
another case. Lucky for me.

plastic TWO LEGAL AIDES sneak up behind Ned and dump a big
barrel of Gatorade cans over his head!

BAILIFF (O.S.)

(over P. A. system)

Attention courtroom shoppers! All
trial evidence now on sale. Forty to
sixty percent off all exhibits!
Everything must go!

the They turn to SEE: Spectators and Jurors browse through
evidence clutter of junk in front of the Court Clerk on the
grabbing table. An IRRITABLE WOMAN claims the Irritable Man,
the cigar from his ear and throwing it down.

IRRITABLE WOMAN

I told you, Bernard... smoking cigars
is bad for your hearing!

dangling She pulls him away as Lana steps up, with a cigarette

cylinder.
smiling.

from her lips. Lana picks up her gun and spins the
It's loaded. The battered Court Clerk limps over,

COURT CLERK

Mrs. Ravine! What can I do for ya?

LANA

How much for my gun?

Laura sees this... turns to Ned with a look of shock.

LAURA

I don't believe it! She just bought
her gun back! The gun she used to
kill a man!

Ned looks off toward Lana with admiration.

NED

Yeah... the same gun that saved my
life. I'm sure it has sentimental
value.

without
from
As Lana wades into the crowd of REPORTERS, some still
pants, the CAMERA MOVES TO Lola, who is watching Lana
the back of the courtroom.

hat...
Lola pulls a small cord hanging from the side of her
opening her veil like window drapes. She's not happy.

INT. FRANK'S GARAGE - DAY

car.
Frank lays on a mechanic's "creeper", working under a

out, his
Lana steps between his feet. He hears her and rolls
crotch sliding to a stop against her legs. He looks up,
covered with black grease.

FRANK

So... you did it. Ya beat the rap.

LANA

No thanks to you.

He gets to his feet, cocky.

FRANK

Hey... I knew he'd spring ya.

She walks toward him, her voice cold, accusing. He
backs up.

LANA

You didn't lift a finger, Frank. You
let me take all the heat.

FRANK

Heeeee-eeey... what could I do?

Lana pulls the gun from her purse, pointing it at him.

LANA

You were gonna let me rot in the
slammer... never say a thing.

FRANK

Look... you're out... free. Now we're
together. That's what counts. We can
try again! Forget triple indemnity.
We'll whack him and split three mil.

LANA

I'm not splitting anything, Frank.
(cocks the gun)
And you know too much.

FRANK

(arrogant)
Come on, Lana. You're not gonna shoot
me.

He brashly turns his back to her, putting some tools
away.

She sees a huge electric powered SCREWDRIVER on the
workbench
next to her, smiling diabolically. She lowers the gun.

LANA

You're right.
(then, seductive)
Maybe I'll just screw you to death.

He laughs arrogantly... starts to unbutton his shirt.

FRANK

Now you're talkin' baby.

EXT. THE GARAGE WINDOW - DAY

the big
R-R!
We see Lana's SILHOUETTE on the window as she raises
power screwdriver and turns it on. WHIRR-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-

The CAMERA WHIPS AROUND and PUSHES IN TO...

LOLA

Then
watching the murder from her car. There is a... FLASH!
another! And another! We are...

INT. THE GARAGE - LATER

scene.
Ned
Nachos.
A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER takes FLASH pictures of the crime
The CORONER, COPS, FORENSIC MEN... all do their thing.
and Arch amble in, looking around. Arch is eating

FORENSIC MAN

Watch your step, guys. There's a lot
of blood.

and
ice, and
helplessly!
Throughout this scene, in the b.g., the milling COPS
INVESTIGATORS slip on all the blood, as if on slick
fall out of frame, their arms and legs flailing

Ned.
One of the Coroner's INVESTIGATORS approaches Arch and

INVESTIGATOR

Looks like a suicide. We found a
note.

tweezers.
Ned takes it, trying to unroll it.
He holds up a rolled piece of paper with a pair of

INVESTIGATOR

It was stuck up his nose.

frame.
Ned hands it off to Arch, who casually unrolls it. The
Investigator slips, arms waving, and falls out of

ARCH

(reading it)

"I can't take it anymore. I'm a mediocre mechanic... and a lousy lover."

NED

He's sure got that right.

Arch gives Ned a very strange look. Ned feels his stare.

NED

The "mechanic" part, I mean.

In the b.g., various COPS pair up to have their pictures taken by the Police Crime Scene Photographer... posing, grinning.

NED

(stares at the body)

I don't know why, Arch, but I just can't shake this crazy hunch it wasn't suicide.

THE CAMERA MOVES

behind Ned on his line, revealing Frank... pinned to the wall by the power screwdriver stuck in his back! It's still running... vibrating with a GRINDING HUM.

Ned reaches out and turns the screwdriver OFF.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - DAY

Ned enters, pausing. He hears VOICES. He goes to the living room. Lana and Lola turn to see him in the doorway. He is shocked. Lana looks shaken. But Lola is cool... in control.

LANA

Oh... uh, Ned... This is Lola, um...

NED

(nervous, defensive)

Um? She told you her name was Um?
And what other lies did she tell

you? I've never seen this woman in my life! Never followed her home! Never had sex with her in the refrigerator! It's all a sick fantasy... and I deny everything!

He turns to Lola.

NED

When will women like you learn, you can't tear apart a perfectly good marriage with your vicious lies... Miss UMMMM!

LOLA

Actually... it's Smith. Lola Smith. I sell vacuum cleaners, Mr. Ravine. The big powerful kind that suck up everything in sight. I was just telling your wife, if she wants to get rid of all her dirt, she has to be willing to pay the price.

She turns to Lana with a cold and contemptuous glare.

LOLA

Let me know what you decide, Mrs. Ravine. I'm sure we can work out a convenient "payment" plan. A pleasure meeting you... Ned.

around Lola exits. As soon as the door closes, Lana whirls in a fury!... SMASHING a lamp! She SHRIEKS furiously!

LANA

I... hate... SALESMEN!

He puts his arms around her, comforting.

NED

I know it's been a tough ordeal... with the trial and everything. Tell me what... let's take a trip.

LANA

A trip?

NED

Yeah. Just the two of us.

LANA

(darkly inspired)
I like that. Just you and me... all
alone. I'll start packing.

NED

Great. Listen... I got something to
take care of. I'll be back in awhile.

the He kisses her and exits. Lana turns to look up toward
landing, a vengefully insane smile clouding her face.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - DUSK

door. A demanding KNOCK at the door. Lola hesitates at the

LOLA

Who is it?

doorway. He The door CRASHES OPEN! Ned is silhouetted in the
after looks really pissed! Lola turns and runs. Ned sprints
a her, leaping through the air... bringing her down with
tackle!

NED

I just want to talk.

LOLA

Why didn't you say so?

WHAM! Her foot shoots out, smashing him right in the face...
grabs She jumps up and scrambles away. Ned pursues her. She
a bottle of scotch from the counter, spins around.

LOLA

Would you like a drink?

wall! She throws the bottle! He ducks and it shatters on the

NED

No thanks. I'm driving.

FLYING She whirls on one foot, nailing him in the head with a

pick. SPIN KICK! He stumbles back, dazed. She grabs an ice

LOLA

Then let's get to the point!

feet Lola charges! Ned rolls onto his back, jamming both
air! into her stomach, heaving her up over him... thru the
cool She SLAMS into the wall!... then slowly turns... still
the and collected. She raises a cigarette... lights it with
ice pick "lighter."

LOLA

So what's your problem, tough guy?

NED

Stay away from my life, my wife, my
home and my pets! I'm taking Lana on
a vacation and when I come back, I
don't ever want to see your face
again!

away. He shoves her against the wall... the cigarette flying

LOLA

(shocked)

A VACATION! She doesn't deserve a
VACATION! She's a brat! A bad girl!
She always was and always will be!

He grabs her by the shoulders, shaking her.

NED

What are you talking about? You don't
know anything about Lana?

LOLA

I know EVERYTHING!

NED

(shakes her hard)

How do you know her? Who is she to
you? TELL ME!

She clams up. He slaps her.

NED

Who is she!

LOLA

She's your wife!

NED

(slaps her again!)

Who is she!?

LOLA

She's my sister!

NED

(slaps her again)

Liar! Who is she?

LOLA

She's your wife!

He raises his hand to slap her hard.

NED

WHO IS SHE!

She SLAPS him!

LOLA

She's my sister!

repeating her
"Your
preparing
She
slap",
clicks the

She continues to slap him... back and forth...
answers... "She's your wife"... "She's my sister!"...
wife!"... "My sister!"... "Wife!"... "Sister!"
He reaches a boiling point, raising two fingers,
to give her the Three Stooges "two-fingered eye poke."
blocks it with her hand and shoves him away. Then, she
executes a perfect Three Stooges "wiggly-hand head
telling him...

LOLA

She's your wife... AND my sister!

Ned is stunned. MUSIC THUNDERS dramatically! Lana
stereo off. The MUSIC STOPS.

LOLA

She was spoiled rotten! She stole everything I ever had. Everything! Including him.

NED

Him? Who, him?

LOLA

Dwayne. The boy's gym teacher. He was older. So mature... so strong. He smelled like dirty sweat socks and old basketballs. And he was all mine. For awhile.

(turning bitter)

But Lana wasn't satisfied with her own things. She had to have mine too. She took it all... my makeup, my sweaters, my shoes, my underwear...

NED

You wore the same clothes?

LOLA

We were identical twins.

NED

What're you talking about? You two don't look anything alike.

LOLA

Not anymore. One day I caught her stealing my lavender eye shadow and she smashed my face in with a shovel. I had fifty-three operations. When the doctors were finished with me... I looked like THIS! I'm ugly. UGLY!

NED

You're beautiful.

LOLA

Don't lie to me.

NED

They did a terrific job!

LOLA

I look in the mirror. I can SEE!

NED

But... you're gorgeous!

LOLA

Tell that to Dwayne. When he saw my face, he left me for HER... because she looked more like me than I did! First she stole my looks... then she stole the only man who ever loved me!

She comes toward him... feeling in control once more.

LOLA

But I found a way to get even. The best revenge possible. Destroy her marriage!

NED

That's why you did all this? Seduced me... harrassed me... the tape... the flowers... the phone calls...

LOLA

You been hangin' out with Dick Tracy, haven't ya?

NED

It won't work. Lana loves me.

LOLA

It doesn't matter. I'm blackmailing her for everything she's worth. She murdered that greasy auto mechanic. I saw her do it.

NED

(stunned)

Lana killed Frank Kelbo?

LOLA

(also stunned)

Kelbo! His name was Kelbo?

NED

Yeah. Why? Did he burn you on car repairs too?

LOLA

Dwayne's name was Kelbo. He had a son. Frankie Kelbo.

INT. NED'S CAR - NIGHT

stunned. Ned wanders to his car, climbs in, sits there...

NED (V.O.)

The pieces of the puzzle were falling into place and I didn't like the picture they were making. If Lana really killed Frank Kelbo, then I had misjudged her by a mile. Sure... he was a lousy mechanic. But murder?

Ned rubs his temples, shuts his eyes.

NED (V.O.)

It was all starting to give me a headache bigger than the national deficit.

INT. LOLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

the
lamp
"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" plays on the stereo. Lola sits on floor by an end table, eyes dazed, staring blankly. A lamp with a "clapper" switch sits on the table.

"claps"
off... As the CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY to her, she absently the light off... then on... then off... then on... then

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

through a
stops. CLOSE ON female hands using a keyhole saw to cut railing on the second floor landing above the foyer. Outside... the SOUND of a car... headlights! The sawing

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MUSIC. Ned pulls up. The house is dark and ominous. So is the

INT. NED'S HOUSE - NIGHT

and
but The front door is open a crack. He cautiously pushes it the door CR-E-A-K-S open very slowly. The door STOPS,

with the

the LOUD CREAKING continues. Ned touches it lightly
tip of his finger. The CREAKING STOPS.

NED

Lana?

HOLDING

Ned moves up the stairs. The CAMERA BOOMS UP with him,
ON an ECU of the partially severed railing.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

clawfoot
puzzled.

Ned enters. Hot water gushes from the faucet into a
bathtub. He turns the water off, looking around,

Opens
leaps

Loosens his tie, rubs his head. A splitting headache.
the medicine cabinet and... SCREECH! YEOW! CRASH! A CAT
out!... darts away. There's a NOISE from downstairs.

INT. THE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

it.

Someone is POUNDING on the door. Ned enters and opens
It's Laura.

LAURA

Ned! I'm glad you're here. I have so
much to tell you.

NED

Come on in. I'll make some tea. Grab
a chair.

LAURA

Thanks... I brought my own.

table.

She drags a chair in behind her, sits at the kitchen

Ned puts a kettle on the burner, turns it on. He starts
searching through the cupboard for teabags.

NED

So... what have you got?

LAURA

A lottery ticket and a laundry
receipt.

(lays them on table)
I found them in the pocket of that
suit you wore the night you were
working under cover with a client.

her. Ned freezes, staring out the window, unable to face

LAURA

You remember that night, don't ya
Ned? Then it hit me. Lottery starts
with L-O. Laundry starts with L-A. L-
O... L-A. Lola.

baffled Ned turns to her when he hears Lola's name... looking
by this convoluted piece of logic.

LAURA

(shrugs it off)
Don't sweat it. It's the way a woman's
mind works.

He turns back to the cupboard, picking up a container.

NED

How about Ovaltine?

LAURA

Fine. Then I remembered you told me
some guy named Frank had been working
on your wife's car for two months.
You with me so far?

NED

I'm way ahead of you.

He brings the Ovaltine container to the table.

LAURA

Well back it up. You probably took a
wrong turn. Remember your insurance
policy... the one we couldn't find?
I started thinking, who else had
access to it beside you and me? The
answer came up... Lana. And since
she's a woman, it's probably hidden
right here.

them. A huge ceramic cookie jar sits on the table in front of

Cookies

Laura SMASHES it with her fist, breaking it open!
spill out... and the insurance policy.

NED

So that's where she hid the Oreos.

apart.

He sits down... starts eating Oreos... twisting them

LAURA

Ned, Lana wasn't trying to save your
life when she shot Max Shady. She
and Frank were plotting to kill you
and collect on your insurance policy.
But she shot the wrong guy.

NED

That's the craziest thing I ever
heard.

LAURA

(she presses on)

Don't you see... Frank was going to
let her take the fall. So she murdered
him and tried to make it look like
suicide.

(beat)

That's when I realized there was a
connection between Lola and Lana...

NED

Yeah... they're sisters. Twin sisters.

LAURA

Well, hang on to your jock strap,
Ned. There's more.

thru

She unrolls a complex genealogical chart... walks him
it.

LAURA

Not only is Frank's father Dwayne
Kelbo, notoriously amorous gym teacher
and Lola Cain's former lover...
Frank's mother is Helen Shady. Max
and Frank are half-brothers who never
met.

Laura pauses dramatically, then announces.

LAURA

Your lovely wife, Lana, murdered
both of Helen Shady's sons.

NED

This is so unbelievable.

LAURA

And you haven't even heard my story.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS LANDING - NIGHT

REVEALS

The keyhole saw cuts through the railing. The CAMERA
Lana, eyes filled with Machiavellian rage.

Suddenly...

She enters the bathroom, lays the saw blade down.

throat!

a PAIR OF HANDS plunge into frame, grabbing her by the

hands

We GO WITH HER as she is pushed back into the tub, the

clamps

forcing her head under water. Lana grabs a diving mask,

away!

it over her face. One of the attacking hands rips it

hand

Lana grabs a snorkel, sticking it in her mouth. The

mouth!

pulls it from her, tossing it aside.

up

The hand shoves a little RUBBER DUCKIE into Lana's

the

Lana struggles, finally going limp. Her open eyes stare

from beneath the water. The last few bubbles rise to

surface.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

LAURA

He turned into a monster. And that's
when I left him. I just couldn't...

The

The tea kettle WHISTLES! Laura pulls it off the burner.

water

whistling subsides... replaced by the distant SOUND of

running upstairs. Ned cocks his head, listening.

NED

That damn faucet keeps turning on
all by itself. I'll go check it.

LAURA

Okay. I'll make the Ovaltine.

empty. A
Suspense
wings
shit.

Ned exits. Laura opens the Ovaltine container. It's
DARK SHADOW moves past the window behind Laura.
MUSIC. Laura opens the cupboard. PIGEONS explode out,
beating furiously! She catches her breath, looks in the
cupboard. The cans and boxes are covered with pigeon
She shoves them aside, looking for the Ovaltine.

INT. FOYER - SAME TIME

seeps
moves
strains of

Ned looks up toward the light from the bathroom. Water
over the edge of the landing and down the steps. As he
up the steps, the SOUND of MUSIC... the familiar
"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida"... grows louder and LOUDER.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME TIME

STARTLED
rubber
floor.

It's filled with steam. He waves the steam away...
to see Lana's lifeless body beneath the water, the
duckie jammed into her mouth. The tub overflows on the
floor.
He turns the faucet off. The water stops... and so does
MUSIC. Puzzled, he turns the faucet on. The MUSIC
Turns it off. The MUSIC STOPS.

the
STARTS.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Husband's

As Laura turns away to enter the pantry... her
twisted face suddenly appears in the kitchen window!

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

yanks

Ned enters. The MUSIC is coming from the closet. Ned

revealing a

the door open! A flock of PIGEONS bursts out!...
GUEST MUSICIAN playing an instrument.

GUEST MUSICIAN

I'm sittin' in for Dizzy. He had a
gig tonight.

Ned shuts the door, eyes shifting. Lola must be near.

INT. PANTRY OFF KITCHEN - SAME TIME

She
stops

Laura searches the large walk-in pantry for tea bags.
hears a LOUD CRASH of BREAKING GLASS in the kitchen...
and listens... then casually shrugs it off.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

towels
of
wildly

Laura's Husband stands in the kitchen. The back door is
open... the window shattered. He SEES... the kitchen
hanging sloppily on the rack! The disorganized clutter
cans and boxes in the cupboard! WE PUSH IN to his
insane eyes!

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

his

As Ned enters the upstairs landing, we hear VOICES in
mind.

NED

(ECHOING V.O.)

Women are an open book. You can always
tell the rotten apples from the
peaches. I'd stake my career on it...
stake my career on it... stake my
career on it...

with the

The repetitive ECHO gets to him. He smacks his head
palm of his hand. The skipping stops... followed by...

NED

(ECHOING V.O.)

...If anyone ever proves me wrong,
I'll throw away my badge.

IN THE DARKNESS

Ice
separate
A woman's HAND unrolls a leather kit... the "U-Pick an
Pick Porta-Pik-Pak!"... with seven ice picks in
slots, each labeled with a day of the week.

Then...
The hand selects "Wednesday's" ice pick, pulls it out.

BONG... BONG... BONG... BONG...!

CANTED ANGLE ON - A GRANDFATHER CLOCK

It CHIMES loudly. It's twelve midnight!

THE HAND

returns the ice pick to its slot, selects the one for
Thursday.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Everything
Laura comes out of the pantry. She stops... gasps!
in the cupboard is neatly stacked! All the towels are
straight!

Husband!
float
She whirls around... coming face to face with her
He smiles demonically, holding up the Ninja Turtle
ring.

LAURA'S HUSBAND

Forget something, sweetheart?

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

SCREAM!
knocks
he
Ned nears the bathroom door and suddenly... A PIERCING
Lola charges, an ice pick raised over her head! She
him backward, into the bathroom, slashing at him. But
deflects the attack, grabbing at her arms.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

ring.
Laura backs away from her Husband. He holds her wedding

LAURA'S HUSBAND

You forgot to flush, darling.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

grabs
SHAVING
BATH
back,
Ned
at her

As Ned and Lola continue their violent struggle... Lola
toiletries to aid in her attack. She squirts Ned with
CREAM... squeezes TOOTHPASTE in his hair... and throws
POWDER in his face!

Ned is blinded. Gaining the advantage, Lola shoves him
slamming his head into the wall. He's dazed, helpless.
Lola raises the ice pick, moving forward to strike! But
grabs a HAIR BLOWER and swings it around, pointing it
like a gun! She freezes... then smiles contemptuously.

LOLA

What're you gonna do, Ned? Blow me
away?

HIGH,
cheeks
the
suspended
floor

She LAUGHS arrogantly. Ned clicks on the hair blower to
a blast of HOT AIR hitting Lola's face, puffing her
out, pushing her back, hair flying wildly!

Her backside hits the railing where Lana has cut it...
wood splintering!

Lola tumbles over backward, SCREAMING! She hangs
in mid-air for a moment, like a cartoon character, arms
flailing. Then... WHOOM!... she FALLS to the marble
below, hitting with a LOUD THUD!

INT. THE KITCHEN - SAME TIME

the
down.

Laura's Husband hears Lola fall, turning. Laura grabs
iron skillet and CLOBBERS him with it! BONG! He goes

LAURA

I never forget anything... honey.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - SAME TIME

disgust
Ned stares at the hair blower in his hand. Filled with
and revulsion, he throws the "weapon" down.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

them
Laura pulls TWO REVOLVERS from her purse... spinning
like John Wayne... expertly tossing one over her back,
catching it in front! She heads for the foyer.

INT. FOYER - A MOMENT LATER - ON LOLA'S BODY

something.
her
Laura pauses, looks down at Lola's body... notices
She pushes Lola's skirt a bit higher with the toe of
shoe.

LAURA

(outraged)

Those are MY panties!

bathroom.
She looks up... sees a light emanating from the

ON THE LANDING

bathroom,
stance...
face
Laura moves through the shadows... stops outside the
pressing her back against the wall, guns up and ready.
She swivels into the doorway... taking a shooter's
guns pointed! She sees... LANA... submerged in the tub,
up, the rubber duckie in her mouth.

covered in
he's
toothpaste.
him!
Laura steps back and turns... right into a THING
white! Startled, she SHRIEKS! Ned drops the white towel
using to wipe off all of the shaving cream and
Relieved to see it's Ned, she throws her arms around

LAURA

Oh Ned!

NED

You were right... there's a million things I don't know about women. Maybe you can teach me a few hundred.

He pulls out his police badge, looks at it.

NED

Hell... I had too many careers anyway.

He tosses it away, over the railing.

INT. FOYER - ECU LOLA - SAME TIME

The badge drops from above, landing on the floor right in front of Lola's lifeless face. A beat. Her eyes pop open!

INT. BATHROOM - ECU ON BATH WATER - SAME TIME

Suddenly, the rubber duckie pops to the surface.

ON THE LANDING

Laura hugs Ned again, arms locked around his neck, still gripping a gun in each hand.

LAURA

Oh Ned, I love you. I always loved you!

INT. FOYER

Lola sits bolt upright, bloody but still bouncy.

INT. BATHROOM

Lana suddenly SITS UP in the tub, inhaling a huge GASP of air, her eyes wild!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Laura's Husband's eyes POP OPEN! He SITS UP suddenly... smashing his head into the sharp corner of the kitchen

table!

He topples back slowly... really dead! Finally.

INT. THE STAIRCASE

hand
Lola's feet move steadily up each stair... her bloody
grasping the ice pick.

INT. BATHROOM FLOOR - LOW ANGLE

around.
Lana's feet step out of the tub, water dripping all
She picks up the pointed saw from the floor.

ON THE LANDING

behind
Ned and Laura still embrace, her forearms crisscrossed
his neck. It's been a long embrace.

banshees!
Suddenly, Lana and Lola both appear, SCREAMING like

blade!
Lana charges from the bathroom, grasping the sharp saw
pick!
Lola races at them from the stairway... with the ice

both
Without missing a beat, Laura raises the barrels of
Ned's
guns and FIRES at them simultaneously... right next to
ears.

through
The
The impact of one bullet knocks Lana all the way back
the bathroom, CRASHING spectacularly out the window!

gunshots
gunsmoke
other bullet sends Lola flipping down the staircase!
Ned looks stunned, his eyes crossed... the thundering
still ringing in his ears. Laura proudly blows the
away from the end of each barrel.

LAURA

Got 'em!

NED

(deafened)

WHAT?

LAURA

I said... I GOT 'EM!

NED

HUH?!!!

LAURA

(yells)

THEY'RE DEAD! GONE! KA-PUT!

He strains to make out what she's saying, ears still ringing.

NED

(yells back)

**SURE I'LL MARRY YOU! NEXT TUESDAY
WOULD BE PERFECT!**

A beat. Laura opens her mouth to correct him, then decides against it. She smiles... speaking softly, almost shyly.

LAURA

Okay. But I want to have kids.

He hears THIS... smiles at her.

NED

Great.

They embrace.

EXT. NED'S HOUSE - WIDE SHOT - NEAR DAWN

We MOVE IN SLOWLY toward the house.

NED (V.O.)

So... maybe I was wrong. Maybe women really are like a big jigsaw puzzle... with pieces that never seem to fit where you want 'em to.

INT. NED'S HOUSE - THE BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Ned and Laura are in bed, wrapped in each other's arms.

NED (V.O.)

All I know is, there are three things that men can't possibly ever do...

NEW ANGLE - NED AND LAURA

Revealing that it's NOT "voice over narration." Ned is actually rattling on aloud again.

NED

...understand women... give birth...
and program a VCR. And giving birth
is the easy one.

LAURA

Ned...

NED

Yeah, Laura?

LAURA

Knock off the chatter, will ya?

He smiles at her. They kiss. Romantic SAXAPHONE MUSIC
begins to play... only this time, it's "Laura's Theme."

The CAMERA PULLS BACK SLOWLY... revealing Dizzy laying
on the bed beside them... playing the sax.

After a beat, Laura turns to Dizzy.

LAURA

We won't need you anymore.

Ned casually slips him a twenty dollar bill. Dizzy
slips off the bed and out the door. Laura turns to Ned.

LAURA

We can make our own music.

Her hand reaches slowly over the edge of the bed,
toward the floor. Suddenly... she comes up with a CONCERTINA, a
small accordian... and begins to play it!

Ned lays there listening for a few moments, a stunned
look frozen on his face. Then... he reaches under the pillow
and pulls out a HARMONICA and joins in.

The CAMERA BOOMS UP to a HIGH ANGLE SHOT... as they
play MEDLEY of all the MUSIC heard in the film.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL END CREDITS

After the final credit, WE HEAR:

LAURA (V.O.)

Ned, do you know... I want you to
make love to me all night long?

NED (V.O.)

No. But if you hum a few bars...
I'll fake it.

THE END